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## THE LORD'S CHAMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORKE," "GRAPES AND THORNS," ETC.

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### CHAPTER XVIII.—SUSPENSE.

THE next day Mrs. Percy did not rise till noon. She had not slept well, and Clara urged her to rest. She wrote a note, however, to be sent to the Abbé Delacour at the Madeleine, whom she wished to see. Many years before, on her first and last visit to Europe, she had made his acquaintance, and the mutual impression had been so agreeable, that for years after they had exchanged occasional messages through the medium of friends crossing the ocean. There had been no communication between them for a long time; but Mrs. Percy had ascertained, before leaving America, that the abbé was still alive, and in Paris.

"And would it not be well to send to the bank for letters, my dear?" she said, as she gave her note. "Though, to be sure, I do not expect any," she added, sinking back on her pillow.

"I have already thought of that, Aunt Marian. The man who takes this will inquire at the bank."

Clara had, indeed, been almost feverishly watching for her cousin Francis, or for some news of him, and was both pained and embarrassed by her aunt's silence concerning him. She had given orders to all the servants that she should be called if anyone should inquire for her, no matter at what hour, and that if he should come while they were out, he was always to be told where they had gone.

This anxiety was really more on his mother's account than on her own, though she was greatly disconcerted by his non-

appearance. They could make no plans without him ; did not know, till they should learn what he was to do, if they would remain in Paris, or go to Italy for the winter. Everything was to depend on him.

She waited now in the reading-room, having given her messenger orders to seek her there on his return, and, holding a paper before her face, sat thinking over their strange situation, and the utter derangement of all their pleasant expectations. There was no doubt that Francis was behaving badly, though her aunt might have written him a very severe letter. Mrs. Percy's silence proved that she understood his absence, and did not imagine any accident to have happened to him.

Half-an-hour passed. It was time for the man to return. The bank would already have been open when she sent him out, and the Madeleine was not far away. She began to glance over the edge of her paper every time the door opened.

Of course he did not come. It is only in America that messengers run every step of the way when they are told to hasten. In Europe they run while they are in sight of their employer, then stop to rest, and to attend to other affairs, returning quite at leisure, till, again within sight of the goal, they increase their speed, entering all out of breath, shining with a sense of extra duty performed, and with the expectation of reward. In that way they live longer.

An hour passed. It was now approaching noon, and Clara could scarcely restrain her impatience, when at length her messenger entered the reading-room panting, and holding out to her, from the moment he entered the door, a small package of letters.

"You have been too long," she said, with brief severity, and took the letters from him. "I don't care to hear excuses," she added, when he began, in an injured tone, to explain.

She glanced the letters over hastily. There was not one from Francis!

Her resolution was quickly taken. She went up to her chamber, entering softly, that she might not disturb her aunt in the next room, prepared herself to go out, descended the stairs again, called a cab and drove to her banker's. It had been her cousin's intention, she knew, to take his little money in a bill on that bank. It was only a hundred dollars, poor boy! and he would already have forestalled his first payment from the New York papers to pay his passage-money. That he had written her. He had written her, too, that an arrangement had been made by which this banker would cash in advance his monthly cheques on his publisher. It was the only way he had of securing himself from the danger of being left without money.

Besides, she had sent her letter to him there, and thought her aunt must have done the same.

It was then possible to know at least if he had arrived safely in Paris.

"I would like to write my name in your books," she said to the gentleman who met her. "I forgot to tell the messenger whom I sent an hour ago for letters to do so for me."

She wrote Mrs. Percy's name and her own, then glanced back to the pages of the week before. Yes, there it was! She recognised joyfully the familiar characters. But there was no address. She saw, too, beside his name another which gave her less pleasure. Mrs. McCloud also was in Paris. She did not, however, connect the two in her mind. Paris is a world in itself, and those two could have but little in common.

She considered a moment how she should inquire, without betraying anything she would wish to conceal.

"It happens that my cousin and I have missed each other," she said carelessly. "He did not expect us so soon. Are there any letters here for him?"

No, she was told. He had come three days before, and taken two letters that awaited him. No others had come for him.

He had, then, known that they would follow him immediately, and yet had not sought them, nor left a letter, though he knew that they would send to the bank immediately!

"You do not know his address?" she asked.

"No, madam. He will write it to us, as he has made some arrangement about money with which we are concerned."

"Write?" she said. "He was going away?"

"He said so. I think that he had some literary engagement which obliged him to visit different Continental cities."

Clara turned her head away a little, for she felt her countenance change, so sudden was this shock. "I would like to write one or two letters here, if you will be so kind as to furnish me with the materials," she said.

Francis leaving Paris without seeing them, and visiting different cities with only a capital of one hundred dollars! It made her sick with astonishment and fear. Was the boy gone mad!

She wrote three brief notes, one to each of the editors for whom her cousin had expected to write, ordering their papers to be sent to her for a year. The third was to Francis himself.

"I do not know what to think of you," she wrote him. "We come without you, and when here, we do not find you. I do not know what may have passed between you and Aunt Marian; but you have never found anything but kindness in me. Do not you think that I have the right to expect a word from you? All our plans have been made, or left, with reference to you, and I know not what to do."

She left her note with the banker, to be forwarded to Francis whenever they should know his address, posted the other letters herself, and hastened back to her hotel.

Mrs. Percy, she was told, had not rung her bell. Clara took off her bonnet, and went into her aunt's room.

"Not up yet!" she said. "I am afraid that you are ill, and will not tell me, Aunt Marian."

"No, my dear, I begin to feel the force of old habits, that is all. I was always used to lying in bed all the forenoon. We are not now at Foamy Point, you know. Have you any answer from the abbé?"

"Yes. And there was a letter at the bank for you from Countess Nathalié. Here they are. Shall I bring you a wax taper to read them by?"

For the room was still closed as during the night, only a ray entering through a half-open shutter; and the bed stood in an alcove, before which hung heavy woollen curtains.

"Give me the abbé's letter, and read Nathalié's yourself," Mrs. Percy said quietly, and did not ask for any further news.

Clara gave her aunt the taper, and took her own letters to the window to read.

"He will come here to see me this afternoon, at five o'clock," Mrs. Percy said presently. "I am anxious to see him. I have much to say to him. If he is what twenty-four years ago he promised to be, it will be a great"—she broke off suddenly for a moment, then finished—"a great pleasure to see him."

It seemed to Clara that she had been about to say "consolation" instead of "pleasure."

"I am bad company for you, am I not, my dear?" she went on. "You must forgive me for a little while. We shall soon be settled again. But to-day I can really do nothing except talk with the Abbé Delacour. I will take breakfast in bed, then try to sleep an hour. I have not slept three hours the whole night and morning. If you will order that I shall be called at three o'clock, I shall be very grateful to you. I am so sorry to leave you alone to-day!"

"Pray don't think of me!" Clara exclaimed. "I will ring for your breakfast at once. But you do not ask about the countess."

"Oh! to be sure. Dear Nathalié! What does she say?"

"She wrote the moment she knew you were coming, and the letter has already been nearly a week at the banker's waiting for you. She writes a most affectionate note, and wants us to go out to their château and stay a week, as soon as we can make it convenient. If we cannot go at once, we are to write her when we receive this note, and she will come into Paris to call on us. You must read the letter when you get up. Where will you receive the abbé? There are always half-a-dozen persons in the reading-room, and I don't think there are any but private parlours."

"Oh! here, of course. We are not in New England, Clara

*mia*. If I am called promptly at three, there will be time to prepare the room."

The breakfast eaten, Clara closed the blind again with her own hand, promised to call her aunt promptly, kissed, and left her. She was not disturbed at being left to herself for awhile. She had letters to write home, and many things to think of.

Writing to her brother Edward, she asked him to remember her to Mr. Fronset, and folding the letter then, she sat thinking a moment.

"He is certainly a kind, good, reliable man," she concluded, and began immediately to busy herself with something else. The image of him which had started up as she wrote his name was in such strong contrast with that which had of late occupied so much of her thoughts, that it gave her pain. In spite of her, for one flashing instant, Francis seemed to her not only unreliable, but mean and wicked. It was not a judgment, but a swift revelation of truth, which she made haste to cover and to deny.

"Francis' character is not yet formed," she said to herself. "He may be hasty, but he is sure to come back to the right place. He is so young. He seems a great deal younger than I, though we are of the same age."

But though she made these assurances to herself with an attempt at cheerfulness, she was really feeling a little sad. She felt very far away from home, and rather uneasy. She had always had either her father or brother with her till this summer, when her cousin had taken their place. Her aunt was a companion, certainly, but far more helpless than herself. For the first time in her life, the man's province of protecting was left for her to fill, and she did not like it. It offended her delicacy that she should have to stand forward.

And again came up the sudden thought: "Mr. Fronset would not have left me so. He is so manly!"

In contrast with him, Francis seemed unmanly.

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#### CHAPTER XIX.—A BEAUTIFUL ABBE.

CLARA was on the watch for the Abbé Delacour when he came. She did not expect to make his acquaintance that day, for she understood that her aunt meant to confide her troubles to him, but she wished to see him as he passed. Guessing rightly that he would be prompt in keeping his appointment, she placed herself in a window near the stair when it was time for him to come. She saw him cross the court; then he came up the stairs.

"What a beautiful abbé!" she thought, at the first glimpse she caught of him. She could see, looking down at him, that he was slightly above the medium height, broad-shouldered, and eminently gentlemanly-looking, his dress scrupulously nice, his move-

ments dignified and easy. The broad brim of his hat almost concealed his face, but did not hide the snowy profuse hair that curled over his collar.

She looked with interest to see him come up; and when he turned his face fully on her in passing, she smiled involuntarily, a slight smile full of pleasure. He took his hat quite off, and saluted her with a mild and serious courtesy. He had met too many times in his life that involuntary smile not to know what it meant. Beauty is pleasant to the possessor and to the beholder. He knew both its worth and its worthlessness. Besides, he liked the fair, candid face of this young stranger, who met his deliberate look so calmly, quite free from that dubious modesty which teaches the eyes to droop the moment they encounter those of a stranger.

He was, indeed, as she had said, a beautiful abbé, not more in form and feature, than in the tranquil and luminous sweetness of his expression.

Mrs. Percy was standing in the middle of the room when he entered, and her face and manner betrayed the agitation which she strove to conceal. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes swam in tears, and when she welcomed her visitor, her voice was tremulous. When last she saw him, she was a bride, happy, adored, triumphant. Now she was a widow, and poor, and she had to tell him the tale of her own son's disgrace.

"Madam," he said, taking her hand, "it is twenty-four years since we last met, and in those years we have had time to learn that life is not all sunshine."

"Abbé, I try to think that it is not all storms," she replied tremulously.

"You do well in not allowing yourself to come to so unjust a conclusion," he said. And they seated themselves.

While making the few inquiries naturally made by persons of whom one has just taken a long journey, and the other a long rest, each regarded the other, and connected the past with the present, before speaking more intimately, Mrs. Percy recollected the eloquent young preacher whose sermons had fallen like quiet rain on the feverish gaiety of her Paris season, refreshing many a serious thought which she had cast aside, and giving birth to sentiments which she had never before experienced. And the clergyman recalled the proud gypsy beauty, with eyes brighter than her diamonds, whom he had so often seen gazing earnestly up at the pulpit where he stood, gently, yet with all his strength, striving to check the excesses of such lives as hers.

"Keep on preaching, Monsieur l'Abbé," she had said to him, laughing, one day, "and maybe I shall presently stop dancing."

"Madam," he had replied, "I hope that you will not cease dancing for the same reason that I shall cease preaching—from inability to continue."

And this talk was twenty-four years old !

"I understood from your note that you had something on your mind which troubles you," the abbé said. "I was touched to the heart that you should send for me in such circumstances."

She tried to steady her trembling voice.

"I remember saying to you, after hearing your sermon on the Holy Ghost as the Comforter, that I had never before realized how beautiful the office of consoling may be," she said. "I thought then of its beauty. I saw it from the outside, and looked upon the sufferer and the comforter as on a picture. Now I feel the necessity of consolation. I am no more a spectator, but an actor."

As her voice, with her effort to control it, almost failed, and dropped the last word in a whisper, her companion grew yet gentler and more tranquil.

"The actor in such a scene is nearer to God than the spectator. We are none of us allowed to remain long spectators merely."

Mrs. Percy paused a moment, recalled all her strength, then, in low, rapid tones told her story. She told first what was uppermost in her mind, of her son's fall and desertion. Then, as if to throw a mantle over that base and revolting tale, went back into the last years they had spent together, and described their sufferings and his devotion. She called up even his childish faults, in order to show how generously and lovingly he had always expiated them ; she described his sudden fits of passion, followed by a remorse as sudden, and sobbed as she repeated the words with which he had once come to her after a rebellion which had lasted long enough to alarm her: "Oh ! mamma, I can be very bad ; but I cannot *stay* bad."

"Take hope from that childish declaration," said the priest. "The difference between saints and sinners is, after all, not so much in the *being* bad as in the *remaining* bad. You could surely not have hoped that he could go through life without some trial ; and this must have been a very severe one. Recollect, he was in in many respects an inexperienced boy, while she was a woman of the world. He probably began by looking up to her as a superior being. Besides, wealth is fascinating, especially to one who has suffered from the lack of it. The best of men would, I believe, be somewhat ashamed to own what an effect a beautiful toilet has upon them : it is almost more than a beautiful person. Nothing, in fact, could have been weaker than his position at the time : nothing stronger than hers."

"Nothing could have been weaker than the character he displayed," Mrs. Percy said coldly, displeased at this unexpected championship.

"That is quite true," the abbé returned calmly. "But his foolish weakness shows a sort of innocence, to my mind ; and the very ardour with which he has thrown himself away will, I think,

be the measure of his disgust when he awakens. His experience with this woman will prevent his ever being again so blinded. He will, in fact, be in danger of becoming too suspicious on account of it. His future safety may be in remembering it."

"You speak of his miserable infatuation as if it were passed," she exclaimed. "If he has any sense of duty, why does he not come to me? He leaves me alone in a strange land, tormenting myself with conjectures as to his fate. I do not even know that he has arrived in Paris."

"Do you, then, expect him to present himself to you?" the priest asked, in a tone of surprise. "What could he say to you? What could you say to him? He can well imagine your reproaches; and he does not need either advice or instruction. Do not try, madam, to do too much for the soul of even your own son. Leave him to recollect the instructions you have given him from his infancy up. Now is the time for them to bear fruit. There is no greater mistake than for a parent to interfere too much between her child and God. The effect is often to intercept the light which God would pour upon that soul, and to substitute for it the shadow of an unwise surveillance. He is out of your presence; but be sure your image never leaves him, and its silence is more eloquent than any word that you could speak. Your presence would, for a time, be insupportable to him."

"But, abbé, the boy is poor!" the mother cried out. "I shall torment myself with the thought that he may suffer actual want. If he wishes to stay away, let him do so for a time; but I must know something about the fate of my only child."

"Certainly! and we must ascertain," was the prompt reply. "I know a great variety of persons, particularly of strangers, in Paris, and I believe that I shall be able to learn if he has been here, and where he is now. You must give me a little time. In twenty-four hours I hope to give you some news. In the meantime take comfort. Accept sorrow with resignation, but reject despair. Evil we must look for in this life; but recollect, God knows how to bring good out of evil. Besides, do not think that your son has been utterly cruel to you. He knows that you are safe and well. If you were, indeed, alone, and very poor, you could not believe that he would keep silence."

"Do you not think," she said eagerly, "that if I should persuade Clara to go to some friends in Italy, I to remain here and support myself by my writing—do you not think that he would come to me then?"

"You must not dream of such a thing," he replied decisively. "You cannot abandon this young girl, to whom you owe so much, and who has come to Europe solely on your account. Besides, it would not be well for him. A man should not be made to feel that the lives of the women of his family are made only to be tributary to his, to be flung under his feet like a

carpet. Be just, and even merciful; but do not make any foolish sacrifices. You have always thrust yourself between your child and the sword. Let him fight now."

"If only I had not written that letter!" she said, with an expression of bitter pain, "I could have pretended not to know, and could have tried to separate them here, without driving him away from me."

"And so have encouraged him in deceiving you," the priest replied. "No, it is better as it is. The rebuke was prompt and sharp. You left him no time to become indifferent to evil."

She sighed, and was silent.

The abbé rose. "Madam, I leave in order that I may serve you. Courage! I will see you again to-morrow, at this hour. If there should be anything to communicate sooner, I will write."

Mrs. Percy begged leave to present her niece to him, and rang the bell for Clara.

"My dear, I have been very selfish," she said, when her niece entered. "But I had so much to say."

They stood a few minutes talking pleasantly, and Miss Danese's positive admiration became superlative.

"I have always disliked and condemned the feminine custom of worshipping clergymen," she said, when he had gone; "but, really, aunt, if I were of the Abbé Delacour's parish, I should find it hard not to perpetrate some of those obnoxious fooleries with which women do all they can to unfit a priest for his duties. If you ever see me working a pair of man's slippers, snatch them away from me: they will be for the Abbé Delacour. Did you ever see such a manner, or such silver hair!"

Mrs. Percy smiled indulgently, and Clara saw that the interview had comforted her. She had resolved to tell her news. It was really too uncomfortable to remain silent on this subject, of which both their minds were full.

"I have been to the bank this morning, aunt, and they spoke of Francis," she said.

Mrs. Percy's eyes opened with an eager flash, and her colour rose.

"Naturally I asked about him," Clara went on quietly. "He was there only a few days ago, but thought of going away. They had an idea that he was engaged to write from different cities, instead of from Paris. He has arranged with them about his money, and he will write to them from wherever he may be."

"Then he has gone away!" exclaimed the mother, in keen disappointment.

"That is not sure," Clara said quickly, alarmed at the effect of her communication. "This was merely the young man's impression, and I would not question him too much. He may have meant to send them his address in Paris, when he shall be settled. There are so many people going to these banks that

they cannot be expected to remember clearly what is not written down. He said that Francis took two letters that were there for him. One must have been a little note I sent him by the steamer that came before ours. I wrote and left a note for him this morning. I have also sent to America for the two papers for which he is to write."

"How prompt you are, dear child!" her aunt said, pressing her hand, and looking down at it, not up into her face. "I am glad that you have done all this; but it is best not to do any more. It is enough for him to owe you two letters, is it not?"

"I do not mean that he shall owe me any more," Clara replied, lifting her head with an air of pride. "My second one was to let him know that."

Mrs. Percy looked at her in some alarm.

"Oh! I haven't written him a very disagreeable letter," Clara made haste to say. "But I hate to see a man act childish and sulky."

"The Abbé Delacour will see to everything," Mrs. Percy said, with some effort. "And now, my dear, do not let us talk any more about it. To-morrow, after I hear from the abbé, we can make our plans."

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#### CHAPTER XX.—GOOD NEWS.

THE next day, about noon, came a note for Mrs. Percy from the Abbé Delacour. He would visit her that afternoon, he wrote. He had news for her. In the meantime he hoped that she was not making herself ill by staying too much in the house. He would advise her to go out for a drive or walk before his call.

She went to hear the noon Mass in the Church of St. Roche, which was but a step from their hotel, and afterwards went out shopping an hour or two with Clara.

And at length the minutes wore away to five o'clock, and her visitor came. She saw at once by his face that his news were not bad—if not joyful.

"I must not lose an instant in telling you that your son has broken off his acquaintance with that woman, and fled from her," he said.

She uttered an exclamation of delight and thanksgiving. "But why did he not fly to his mother?" she said. "Where is he? Have you seen him?"

"I have not seen him; he has left Paris. Sit down now, madam, and hear my story calmly. I went to the bank early this morning, and learned all that was there to be learned of him. I also obtained the addresses of certain American correspondents; and one of them I visited. It was from his house that I wrote

you this morning. It was he who gave me the information I bring you."

"Your son had, in fact, confided something to him. It seems that this young man, who has for some time been a Paris correspondent, had intended to go to Rome for the winter, and would write from there letters to one of the same journals for which your son was to write. Certain circumstances occurred after the arrangement was made, which rendered it desirable that he should not leave Paris. Your son, learning this, persuaded him to make an exchange, subject to the after-consent of the publisher, to whom it could not make any difference which of his correspondents should be in Paris and which in Rome. The exchange was then made, and your son started immediately for Rome. He told his young friend that he had involved himself in a connection which he must break off, and that he wished to leave Paris at once. This young man, Mr. Bond, says that he seemed to be much distressed; and repeatedly exclaimed that he had been a fool."

"Poor boy!" the mother exclaimed, "I shall immediately follow him to Rome. When did he go?"

"He went to Marseilles yesterday, to take the steamer there to-day to Civita Vecchia. Do not make too much haste; leave him a little to himself. Look about Paris; renew your former acquaintances, and allow your niece to see something of the city; then go leisurely to Italy."

Clara was called in, and asked to decide—her aunt explaining the change in Francis' plans, and trying to conceal the joy that would have betrayed how much worse she had feared.

While they were talking, a note was brought to Mrs. Percy, directed in her son's hand. The messenger said that a young man, who stopped at the house of which he was porter, had given him the letter the morning before, on setting out for Marseilles, and requested him to take it to a certain banker the next day; that he had kept his promise to the gentleman; and that the banker, on his presenting himself, had sent him to the hotel.

Before the messenger had finished his story, Mrs. Percy had finished reading the note.

It was very brief:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am just starting for Marseilles, to take the steamer to Italy. I have exchanged my Paris correspondence for a Roman one with Mr. Bond, whom our banker knows well. I shall send back my address.

"FRANCIS."

Not a word of confession, nor penitence, nor protestation; not a word of the letter full of haughty and passionate reproaches,

which she had written him! But it was written by her child's hand—once more he called her "mother"—and allowed her to know that he was alive, and where he was. It was so small a grace; yet, her heart swelled and overflowed her eyes. The old triumphant story came back to her with its burden of joy: "For this, my son, was dead, and is alive again. He was lost and is found."

Clara was delighted to go to Italy; but not at all delighted with her cousin Francis. She resolved to give him a lesson when they should meet. In the meantime she was glad that the darkest of the cloud seemed to be over, and that they could know what they were to do.

"I shall at once write to Rome!" she said, with her usual promptitude, the moment the abbé had gone. "Lily Jarvis will find us a house. I want to keep house, Aunt Marian. I like to. We must have a place a very little out of the centre, if possible, so as to be quiet, to have a view, and to be able to stay the later in the spring. I have always heard that there are places within ten minutes' drive of the Corso, where you seem to be quite out of the city. Will that suit you?"

Anything would suit her, Mrs. Percy answered. In fact, if so much could be combined in one place, it would be only too charming. And if Clara liked to keep house, of course it would be better for them.

The letter was immediately written and despatched.

"And now for Paris!" Clara said joyfully. "We have but a few days, and must make the most of them. Besides, we have to go to Château Marle, have we not?"

All was once more busy preparation and pleasure. A note would be too late, so they sent a telegram to the Countess Nathalié, promising to pass the next day with her; and at ten o'clock in the morning set off in the train for her château, a half hour's ride from Paris.

How delightful it was: the bright sunshine, the garden landscape, the sweet, fresh air; and, above all, how blessed the relief from pain and anxiety! Mrs. Percy spoke of Francis as they sped along.

"It would be pleasant to have him with us, of course; but then he must attend to business first, poor boy!"

She did not seem to be aware that she had suffered on his account, or that their separation had been caused by anything but her son's devotion to his work.

Presently they arrived at the little station of Marle, where they found a carriage waiting for them, and with it a slight and elegant young gentleman, who introduced himself to them as Victor de Marle.

"We have only just received your telegram," he said; "and when it came, papa had already gone into Paris. Fortunately,

the rest are all at home. They are waiting for you now at the park gate."

The gate was not five minutes' drive from the station, and when they came in sight of it, they saw a group of ladies and children standing under the grand overshadowing chestnuts, their gay dresses making a bright contrast to the shadow and the green. There was a lovely young matron, who stood among them like a tall lily among smaller flowers. She had the lily colours, too, from the gold of her hair, where a small solid braid lay around the locks fluffed up to a mist, to the folds of pure white that draped her beautiful figure. This was the Countess Nathalié, whose mother had been Mrs. Percy's most intimate friend. Two young girls of eighteen or twenty stood behind her, two younger boys were at one side, and at the other a governess, with a cluster of four pretty little ones. These four were the children of the young countess. The father was French, but both his wives had been Spanish ladies.

"My dear aunt, your friends are certainly the most beautiful people in the world!" Clara whispered, as they came nearer to this group, and the countess detached herself to come toward them.

The carriage was stopped; the countess entered it to embrace and welcome her old friend, and her new one. The others gathered about: the young people saying their graceful words of welcome, the little ones smiling shyly in the background, and clinging to their governess. Only the smallest was lifted into the carriage with its mother, and suffered its dimpled hand to be taken by the strangers. Nothing could be more cordial or more graceful than their reception.

In this way they drove slowly through the winding avenue, dim with its overarching trees, the carriage surrounded by the young members of the family, who talked and laughed together with soft voices, alternately in French, English, or Spanish, speaking all so well that it was not easy to divine which was their mother tongue. The smaller children, confused by this mingling of languages, often made their sentences of words from each.

"Mamma," said the little one in her mother's lap, full of a small grievance of her own, "Lolita have *cache* my doll."

"Never mind," said the smiling mother, "we will *trouver* it."

"My children," she said "have had the languages dropped into their minds like a shower of blossoms of every sort, and their talk is sometimes very odd. But little by little they will learn to disentangle them, and put the words in their proper classes. At the best, however, my house is a Babel of tongues. It would be curious to know the philosophic reason why we choose first one language, then another, to speak in, or why, in the midst of some discussion, we suddenly change the language in which we are speaking for another."

Clara Danese, accustomed to hearing only English from

morning till night, and to speaking French only when in company with foreigners, and even then with a sort of shyness, obtained here her first glimpse of that foreign life which combines all luxuries of knowledge with all luxuries of living. She knew something of art; but here art was a matter of every day. The famous *tenore* to whom she had listened, delighted, in the Italian opera at home, had been the music-master of the eldest daughter; an equally famous artist was painting the portrait of the countess; and notable people, whose sayings and doings she had known only through the medium of print, had talked familiarly with them. The antipodes came to them. While her life, now that it stood contrasted with theirs, seemed to have been almost colourless, theirs was rich with every splendid hue. Yet it was not an exceptional life for people of their position and wealth, but merely an example of the life of wealthy and cultivated people in any European centre.

Nor was this young New-England girl without her coronet in the eyes of her entertainers. The name of her father was well known to them; they had read his poems in time past, and had re-read them when they knew that she was to come to them. To their refined and enthusiastic minds she moved enveloped in all his poetical thoughts and fancies, as in a magical veil, and her presence and conversation heightened, instead of breaking, the charm they had anticipated.

While the countess exchanged reminiscences with Mrs. Percy, and asked and answered questions, the younger people gathered about Clara, with compliments spoken softly and hesitatingly, as they remembered how recent her loss was; but that filled her with a tender pride.

"It must be so beautiful to live always with a poet, and to be his daughter!" said Isabella, the eldest daughter, leaning slightly forward, with her small hands folded in her lap. "It must be that he would be constantly calling one's attention to something lovely that one would not have seen, or uttering sentiments which would be inspiring. It seems to me that there would be something ethereal in such a companionship."

Clara looked with admiring pleasure at the speaker, whose lovely oval face, with its brunette colouring, dark, melancholy brows, and lustrous dark eyes, made her look like an odalisk. Her thick dark hair, burnished with gold on every turn, hung in heavy braids that almost touched the floor as she sat. Her voice lingered on the ear like music.

"You are quite right," Miss Danese replied. "With my father I lived a perfect life." She hesitated, shrinking from details which might seem egotistical; then, seeing how eagerly they listened, waiting for more, she went on—told how delicate and sensitive her father was, how he used to write, and many of those little personal details which one likes to hear of such people.

Lastly, finding that her account had deeply interested them, she drew the watch from her belt, and showed them a tiny miniature of him set in the back, with a ring of white silken hair curled round it.

There was a little chorus of soft exclamations, and all the young heads were bent together to look at the poet's pictured face. And so pretty a picture did they make, that had he seen it in life, he would have been inspired to write a poem about them.

Then Isabella went to show the miniature to the countess, who sat apart with Mrs. Percy, and who, when she had looked at it, and listened a moment to the young girl's account of what they had heard, excused herself for a moment, crossed the room, and herself replaced the chain on Clara's neck, kissing her as she did so.

"I am sorry that I did not hear it all, dear Miss Danese," she said; "but you must tell it to me afterwards. After breakfast I am going to beg you to take a little walk quite alone with me."

How pleasant it all was! How delicate and how sweet was that refinement of character and education which made them at once so sincere, so cordial, and so exquisitely courteous!

Then came the noon breakfast, an informal, but sufficiently profuse and elegant dinner; and here the two visitors obtained an idea of the "Babel of tongues" of which the countess had warned them, and a most subdued and musical Babel it was. The governess and her little ones, crowded away from the family-table, chatted in French at a side-table; the second step-daughter, with her younger brothers, kept up a murmur of Spanish at the lower end of the table, while at the upper end, the countess with her guests, Isabella and Victor, conversed in English.

"I still adhere to some of my Spanish customs and dishes," the countess said to Mrs. Percy, when a large water-melon was placed on the table after the soup. "We have water-melons late, you see. But they do not grow in France; they are brought over from Africa."

Clara smiled to herself, thinking that the fresh, rosy fruit she was eating had come to her plate from Africa. "I am really 'abroad,'" she thought.

Then came a Spanish dish which Mrs. Percy had once been pleased with: a huge salad-bowl of rice, coloured with saffron, and garnished with small links of boiled sausages—the yellow rice-grains large and distinct.

After breakfast was over, Mrs. Percy was left to be entertained by the young people in the *salon*, while Clara went out into the grounds with her hostess.

These grounds were about a mile in circumference, and perfectly cultivated. Even now, so late in the autumn, the grass was green, and all the place brilliant with flowers. An artificial

stream wound, without a wave or ripple, between banks where shrubs and vines bent to touch their reflections—only a bubble or a tiny ripple of light where they meet, showing which was substance and which shadow. Here and there a tall cluster of bright dahlias were painted on the glassy surface, or a scarlet geranium sets its flame unquenched in the water. There was neither hill nor dale in the place, all was perfectly level; yet the genius of Le Notre had produced there a variety seldom found, seconding the variety of nature. Arbours, groves, avenues, intricacies multiplied, while adorning the space, and an unobtrusive richness was everywhere mingled with a carefully-pruned rusticity. Over this a mild sky, slightly veiled with delicate *cirri*, poured its tempered sunshine; and the air was so windless and still that the rustling of the two ladies' dresses as they walked slowly under the trees, and their low-toned voices, were the only sounds to be heard.

The Countess Nathalié was taller than Miss Danese, and there was more of innate pride in her carriage and manner; but they resembled each other in their gentle, calm ways, and in their sensibility. When they emerged from the avenue, they were hand-in-hand, and the eyes of both were full of tears. Clara had been speaking of her father; and to look at them, one would have said that two daughters were mourning his loss.

"And now," said the hostess, pressing her visitor's hand before releasing it, "I must ask you to forgive me for having questioned you so long on a subject which is still so sorrowful for you, and to prove that you do so, by being cheerful again, and allowing me to see that your visit to me has given you some pleasure as well as pain. You say it is the first château that you have ever seen. Would you like to go over the house?"

Clara found that, so far as this example was concerned, a French château differs from an American country-house only in being more substantial, and a little less fine. But where had she seen or imagined such carvings as those of the state bedroom, where once a king had slept!—crowded heads, flowers, figures, scrolls, and animals in the blackest of oak, surrounding and forming the canopy of the bed, framing the mirrors and chairs, and stretching up the walls in superb presses! And where in the New World could she step into a tapestried chamber like that which followed, and see the Olympian gods and goddesses looking down on her in conscious, though softened, pride, knowing that, though dethroned from the temples, they were still gods whose worshippers were neither few nor ignorant! They found the artist at their feet oftener than at the feet of Christ; and the petrified snow of Carrara was theirs, and in the world of beauty they had no rivals.

After the house-seeing there was music; and when, toward evening, the two ladies returned to Paris, declining the offer of

Victor to accompany them, they carried with them the impression of having visited an earthly paradise, inhabited by souls at once perfectly good and perfectly happy.

They were somewhat surprised to find the Abbé Delacour awaiting them at their hotel ; but he accounted for his presence by saying that he wished to inquire for the chaplain of Château de Marle, whom he had recommended to the countess, and who had not been in good health for some time.

They had only seen him at the breakfast-table, where he had been seated between the two young boys, of whom he was the tutor, and they had scarcely thought of him—had not, indeed, exchanged a word with him.

"If I had known that he was a *protégé* of yours, abbé, I should have looked at him with more interest, and have wished to speak with him," Mrs. Percy said. "But, I confess, my sole impression of him was of a plain, and rather inferior-looking young man."

The abbé was silent a moment, before speaking. His quietness and pre-occupation were in rather notable contrast with Mrs. Percy's high spirits. Clara observed it. She did not know what reason her aunt had had for the only half-concealed distress of the last few days, and wondered a little at the rebound, seeing no sufficient cause for it.

"The Abbé Leclerc is ugly, certainly, at first sight," the priest answered, after a moment ; "and at first sight he may be called inferior-looking ; but acquaintance shows that he is neither. He is beautiful and superior. He, at the first of my acquaintance with him, reminded me of something I had read that was *à propos*. 'The divine Psyche is, indeed, like the butterfly, which, when it settles to earth, does not always alight on a beautiful object, and may furl its wings on a burr as well as on a flower ; so a beautiful soul may enter a body that seems to have been destined for quite another tenant : yet the true form is in the soul ; and if that be strong, firm, and ardent with a holy fire, the body, however discordant, has got to yield. The prisoner, like the fabled Psyche, may find her labours hard ; but Divine Love, her lover, sends her aid, till, grain by grain, she picks away her impediments, and, thread by thread, she weaves her heavenly garment.' I have seen closely, for years, the daily life of that young man, and I do not see how a sin or meanness could lurk in his clear, noble, and fully-occupied soul. He is reserved about himself and his inner life. He veils, as it were unconsciously, that silent soul of his ; yet so mild and calm a light shines out in his face and in his conduct, it is impossible to doubt the holiness of that hidden shrine."

The Abbé Delacour lingered so long, yet seemed to have so little to say, that Clara imagined he might wish to see her aunt alone, and was about to make an excuse for leaving them, when he rose.

"I have a request to make; then I will leave you," he said. "I am about to ask of you a sacrifice."

"I hope that it is a sacrifice for you, Monsieur L'Abbé," Clara said.

He smiled on her kindly.

"It is. I am going to say a Mass to-morrow morning, for an object which I have much at heart. It will be at eight o'clock. And I am going to ask you both to sacrifice your morning nap, in order to assist at that Mass, and to pray for my intention."

"When I tell you that Clara rises at six o'clock, or some such unearthly hour," Mrs. Percy said, "you will perceive that she cannot have the pleasure of sacrificing anything for you in going to the Madeleine to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. But I shall esteem it a privilege to rise earlier, in order to go. We will certainly be there."

They seemed to forget that Clara was not a Catholic, and she appeared to have forgotten it too.

"I must, then, lay a command on you," the abbé said, in taking leave. "Since I do not wish that you should suffer in health on account of your complaisance to me, I hope that you will both go to bed at once, and not sit up reading or talking till midnight."

They promised, and said good-night.

Yet Clara, not needing so much time as her aunt did to linger over her toilet, did not feel bound to observe her promise with strict literalness. When she found herself alone, she rang her bell, and requested the servant to bring her an evening paper from the reading-room for a moment. She could not recollect the day—except those passed on the ocean—when she had slept without reading, or hearing read, an evening paper.

The servant hesitated. "Yes, mademoiselle; but I am afraid that they are all in use now. I will see. I think there is not now any to be had."

She went, leaving Clara slightly surprised. It was the first thing she had asked for in the hotel that had not been forthcoming at once. How very odd that she could not have an evening paper, either from the reading-room or the street.

She waited some time, but no servant came; and she was about locking her door, when a new thought struck her, that sent the blood with a painful rush to her face. The Abbé Delacour had been pre-occupied; he had come on a pretended errand which did not, to her, account for his visit; he had requested them not to read before going to bed, and the servant had failed to procure her a paper.

She opened her door softly, and, with a swift step, glided down the stairs to the reading-room.

Not a soul was there. The room was brightly lighted, and papers were lying about. She found three of that evening, and

stood under a chandelier, turning them over. In the latest news of the first one she opened was a telegram in large letters. She read it, and sank into a chair, trying to think, but seeing only the lights that swam round, and the terrible papers in her hand.

But were they terrible to her and to her aunt more than to any one else?

The steamer "Orleans," with nearly all her passengers, bound from Marseilles for Civita Vecchia, had gone down an hour out of port that day, while they were at Château de Marle! But was this the steamer that Francis was to go in? She had not known the name.

"Oh, mademoiselle!" exclaimed a servant who entered the room, and came quickly to her side—"Oh! *mon Dieu*, mademoiselle, what can I do? What are we to do?"

She had gone to Clara's chamber to tell her that no papers were to be had, had found the door open, and had followed her to the reading-room.

Clara tried to collect and control herself.

"The Abbé Delacour told you not to let us see any paper?" she asked.

The girl, wringing her hands, answered in the affirmative. "But it is not sure that the young gentleman was on board," she said eagerly. "The list of names is not yet received. It is not at all sure. I beg you, mademoiselle, not to tell madame."

"Can I see the clerk, or some gentleman belonging to the hotel?" Clara asked, putting the girl aside. "Will you send some one to me?"

Glad to escape, the girl hurried away, and in a moment the clerk entered.

"Tell me all that you know of this affair," she said, briefly pointing to the paragraph.

There was no more to be known, indeed, than what was in the paper. The steamer had met with a sudden tempest; had come into collision with a vessel; had sprung a leak, and gone down. Some of the passengers had been saved by other vessels about, but only a few. Neither the names of the passengers who were lost, nor those who were saved, had yet been received. They would be published in the morning.

"I should like to see some one else. I should like to be sure that no more can be learned to-night," Clara persisted, rising, and beginning to lose her self-control.

The man assured her that nothing else could be learned that night—that the Abbé Delacour had said so; and had said that an American correspondent was to give him the very first news.

Clara half resigned herself.

"And, mademoiselle," added the girl, who had followed the clerk into the room. "When I went up-stairs, I heard madame calling you."

There was no way but to wait. Clara hurried up to her room, and stood listening a moment at the door that separated it from her aunt's. Mrs. Percy was moving about, and humming a tune.

"Poor Aunt Marian!" she thought; "how gay she is! She does not suspect that the Abbé Delacour's Mass may be for her."

Mrs. Percy's step approached the door, and Clara made haste to drop on her knees beside the bed.

Her aunt opened the door. "My dear," she began—then stopped, seeing Clara apparently at her devotions.

"Do you want anything, dear Aunt Marian?" she asked, half turning her face.

"It is nothing. I will wait till morning," Mrs. Percy said softly, and closed the door.

Clara dropped her face to the pillow again, and remained kneeling there till far into the night.

(*To be continued.*)

## A CHAPTER OF IRISH HISTORY.

PACATA HIBERNIA; *or, a History of the Wars in Ireland during the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Taken from the original Chronicles. First published in London, 1633. Dublin: Reprinted by the Hibernia-Press Company, No. 1 Temple-lane, 1810.*

THE title prefixed to the first edition of this work, published in London, anno 1633, is much more correct and informing than the one chosen by the Dublin publishers of 1810, inserted at the head of this article. The original title runs thus—"Pacata Hibernia, Ireland appeased and reduced; or, an Historie of the late Warres of Ireland, especially within the province of Munster, under the government of Sir George Carew, Knight, the Lord President of that Province, and afterwards Lord Carew of Clopton, and Earl of Totnes, etc. Wherein the siege of Kinsale, the defeat of the Earl of Tyrone and his armie; the expulsion and sending home of Don Juan de Aguila, the Spanish general, with his forces, and many other passages of that time, are related." A still more apposite title would be "Carew's Commentaries;" not that the book before us bears much resemblance to the "Cæsar's Commentaries" of our youth, but because it is a chronicle of the doings of the President of Munster during three years of his government, written by himself, or at his dictation, in the heat of action, and in the midst of the most stirring events that ever had hitherto marked the course of Anglo-Irish history. It chronicles the achievements of the hero, Carew, and is, as already mentioned, written by himself, or at his dictation, by a certain Sir Thomas

Stafford, who, we have authority for saying, was his natural son, and of whom we know no more than that he served under his reputed father as captain, and probably acted as his amanuensis and private secretary. To this Thomas Stafford, Carew bequeathed an immense mass of manuscripts relating to Ireland, and among them the well-known "*Pacata Hibernia*," which the aforesaid Stafford published in 1633, thirty years after it had been written, and four years after the death of the chief actor in the events recorded. The time included in the narrative extends from the 24th February, 1600, the date of Carew's landing "at the head of Howthe," *en route* for Munster, to the 21st March, 1603, the date of his arrival at Chester on his return voyage, after having accomplished the object of his mission, namely, the pacification of the province committed to his keeping, by converting it into a solitude. This period coincides with the three last years of Elizabeth's reign, the intelligence of whose death first reached Carew on his return-arrival at Chester.

The office of Lord President of Munster was first created in 1566, during the deputyship of Sir Henry Sidney. The object of its creation was the better to overawe the Irish chieftains and the no less intractable nobles of Norman descent; to introduce English law and customs; and to keep watch and ward over the numerous seaports which lie along the shores of the province, and invite the approach of the foreigner. The powers of this officer, assisted by a council, were enormous. He had unlimited authority over life and limb—to fine, to imprison, to pillory; and, as we read in Carew's official instructions, at page 23 of the work before us, "after examination in the causes necessary, upon vehement suspicion and presumption of any great offence in any partie, committed against the Queen's Majestie, *to put the said partie so suspected to tortures.*" The importance of the office is attested by the succession of able men chosen to fill it from 1566 to 1652, after which date we hear of it no more. The list is not a long one; it comprises the names of Sir Wareham St. Leger, Sir John Perrot, Sir William Drury, Sir John Norris, Sir Thomas Norris, Sir George Carew, Thomond, Inchiquin, Ireton, and Lord Broghill, every one of which names has left its impress on Irish memories.

At the time when Sir George Carew was appointed to the responsible office of President of Munster, the whole of Ireland was in open insurrection, and, for the first time, acting in concert. England was tormented by daily reports of intended Spanish invasions, which she well knew would be only fitting reprisals for her own action in the Low Countries. Tyrone had inflicted a defeat on the English forces unexampled in Irish annals, and was only prevented, by his unexplained and enigmatical conduct, from destroying, for a time at least, the English power in Ireland. It was under these circumstances that, at the opening of 1600,

the queen appointed Lord Mountjoy her Deputy, and Sir George Carew her Lord President of Munster. Lord Mountjoy was a brave soldier and skilful general; but, save as commander of the English forces in the decisive battle of Kinsale, he fills a subordinate place in the work before us. Among many familiar figures delineated in its pages, by far the most conspicuous is Carew himself. In his character, as depicted by his writings and actions, we behold the typical man of "blood and iron"—a man full of resource and energy, and devoid of scruple or remorse. Without being ruthless or truculent, human life or human suffering never stopped him for a moment; without being absolutely void of moral sense, he shrank from no means, however villainous, which seemed likely to forward his end; and without being a hypocrite, he interlarded his despatches with those unctuous phrases and biblical references which grate so harshly on modern ears. A homely phrase, once used by a master of invective to describe a political opponent, is applicable to him—"He had a Bible as big as a bellows, and a conscience that you might put into a snuff-box." A short *résumé* of his life will not be unacceptable to the reader.

Sir George Carew—we give him the title by which he is best known—was a cadet of an ancient family seated at Carew Castle, in Pembrokeshire. He is himself described as of Cockington, Devon, and was lineally descended from Robert Carew, who married the only daughter of Robert Fitzstephen, one of the first conquerors of Ireland. With reference to this fact, we quote the following passage from page 528 of the "Pacata":—"This O'Dalie's ancestor had the county of Moynterboy" (quære Muintervarra) "given unto him by the Lord President's ancestor many hundred years past, at which time Carew had to his inheritance the moietie of the whole kingdome of Corke, which was first given by King Henry II. unto Robert Fitzstephen. The service which O'Dalie and his progenie were to doe, for so large a proportion of lands, unto Carew and his successors, was (according to the coustome of that time) to be their Rimers, or Chroniclers of their actions." Born in 1558, George Carew went to Oxford at the age of fifteen, but left the university without taking his degree, and proceeded to Ireland in the suite of his kinsman, Sir Peter, who, in 1575, was engaged in an attempt to regain possession of the vast inheritance which had once belonged to his Norman ancestor. Sir Peter died before his task was accomplished; and young George, as captain of Devonshire and Cornish men, took a soldier's part in the great Desmond rebellion. He was accompanied by a brother—also a Sir Peter—who was slain in a skirmish by some Irish kerns during a sortie from the castle of Adare, where the English garrison was besieged by James Fitzgerald, the brother of the Earl of Desmond. George avenged his brother on the spot by the

death of one of the assailants. Unfortunately, his vengeance did not stop here. In the year 1583 he came to Dublin, on leave of absence, in order to partake of such amusements and revelries as the metropolis could then offer to a fashionable young officer of high connections and brilliant prospects. About the same time arrived also one of those wretched creatures who were employed by the government of the day to do their dirty work, a man named Owen O'Nassie. This individual had been employed on some unspeakable piece of treachery, and had, under a safe conduct, come in quest of the reward he had earned. It was reported to the young Captain Carew that this Owen O'Nassie had boasted of having been one of the band that slew his brother. He thereupon, accompanied by two friends and two servants, sought the unfortunate man out; and, encountering him on one of the city quays, stabbed him to the heart in open day, and before the eyes of numerous witnesses. The assassin took to flight, but all Dublin was up in arms, and the government were highly incensed by this gross violation of the safe-conduct given to the murdered man. The lord-mayor summoned a jury of citizens to inquire into the cause of death, and they found a verdict of "wilful murder against the English gentleman, two English friends who had stood by while the murder was done, and two servants who had finished the affair with a pistol and two bullets." The Irish Lords Justices reported the atrocity to England, and Sir Francis Walsingham thus writes on the subject to Lord Burleigh on the 2nd July, 1583:—"It appeareth that George Carew hath lately committed a very foul act, able to make the Irishmen enter into an hatred of us, trusting us in nothing, and thinking that there is treachery in any fair promises made unto them. I am very sorry for this act, and, though I love the gentleman well, yet do I wish some exemplary punishment done on him for this fact." Whether exemplary or any punishment was inflicted at the time, we know not; but we do know that, after the lapse of three centuries, the shadow of this crime darkens the name and fame of George Carew, Earl of Totnes. For some years he disappears from the scene; during this period of abeyance, however, he must have been accumulating knowledge, making himself conversant with the affairs of Ireland and the character of her people, and acquiring the unreserved confidence of the queen and her able minister. We get few glimpses of him until February, 1588, when he crops up in full bloom as Sir George Carew, Knight, and Master of the Ordnance to her Majesty in the realm of Ireland. It must have been about this period that he married Joyce, daughter and co-heiress of William Clopton, a lady of considerable influence at court, and with whom he acquired a splendid estate in Warwickshire. She is said to have guarded his interests during his absence in Ireland, to have kept him *au fait* with passing

intrigues, and to have been his successful advocate on many trying occasions. In August, 1590, he was appointed one of the Privy Council in Ireland, and, two years later, Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance in England. From these appointments, as well as from many passages in the "*Pacata Hibernia*," it is plain that he was one of the most accomplished artillerists of his day, and not only knew his profession in theory, but could apply his knowledge in the minutest details of practice, during the very heat of conflict and on the most trying emergencies. We have no further trace of him until 1596, when he accompanied the Earl of Essex on an expedition against Cadiz; again, in 1597, he went as Master of the Ordnance on another expedition against Spain, commanded by the same earl, and with Sir Walter Raleigh as rear-admiral. In March, 1599, he attended Essex, the Lord Lieutenant, to Ireland as Treasurer-at-War; and on the 27th January, 1600, upon the death of Sir Thomas Norris, was made Lord President of Munster. This office he filled for three eventful years, and has left a minute detail of his official life in the work before us. Passing over for the present this recorded period (with one exception), we shall bring his career to a close before attempting to give some account of his famous book. The following is the exception alluded to, and it is made because of the strong light which is thereby thrown on the gracious conduct of the queen towards her faithful servants, and on the kind of homage expected from her men of "blood and iron," even in the hour of her decrepitude and mental and bodily suffering. In the course of the three years in question, Carew had made himself master of the two men in Munster who were dreaded by the queen and relied on by the king of Spain—James Fitz-Thomas, titular Earl of Desmond, and Florence McCarthy More—and had them consigned to the Tower of London. Something will have to be said further on of the means employed to accomplish these captures. He had organized the siege of Kinsale; taken a most prominent part in the utterly disastrous rout of Tyrone before that fortress; had captured and sent home to Spain the foreign invaders; recovered from their forces, without fighting, three castles deemed impregnable which commanded Castlehaven and the port of Baltimore; and had given the *coup de grâce* to Spanish hopes and pretensions by the siege and demolition of Dunboy. It was then that in September, 1602, he received the following autograph letter from Elizabeth. It is inserted at page 611 of the "*Pacata Hibernia*," with the following heading: "A letter written by her Majestie's owne hand to the Lord President."

Your Sovereign, E. R.

My faithful George, how joyed wee are that so good event hath followed so toylesome endeavours, laborious cares, and heedful travells, you may guesse, but we can best witnesse; and doe protest that your safetie hath equalled the most thereof. And so God ever blesse you in all your actions.

The mailed warrior, drawing on his velvet glove, penned a suitable reply, too long for quotation in its entirety, from which the following is an extract :—

Sacred Majestie,

If I could sufficiently expresse the joy which my heart conceived when I beheld a letter written by your Royall hand and directed unto mee (who in your service have merited little, though in zeale, faith and loyaltie equall to any), your Majestie would not in your more than abounding charitie, mislike your paines, having thereby raised the dejected spirit of a poor creature, exiled from that blessing which others enjoy in beholding your Royall person, whose beauty adorns the world, and whose wisdom is the miracle of our age.

The writer proceeds to mention the evil state of his health and his need of repose and leave of absence, and then goes on to say :—

Ireland is destitute of learned men of English birthe, and with Irish physicians (knowing the good-will they bear mee), if they were learned, I dare not adventure. The longer I am without remedy, the lesse and the lesse time I shall be able to serve you. But as I am your Majestie's creature, so I doe submit the consideration of my humble and just suit to your Princely consideration, at whose Royall feete and in whose service I am howlerly ready to sacrifice my life. From your Majestie's Citie of Corke, the nine and twentieth of September, 1602.

Your Sacred Majestie's most humble vassall and servant,

GEORGE CAREW.

At the very time when her faithful George was speeding this tribute of homage to the beauty and wisdom of her sacred majesty, her portrait had been sketched by her godson, Sir John Harrington. The following is the description written by that eyewitness, as given in Lingard :—"She was altered in her features, and reduced to a skeleton. Her food was nothing but manchet bread and succory porridge. Her taste for dress was gone. She had not changed her clothes for many days. Nothing could please her; she was the torment of the ladies who waited on her person. She stamped with her feet, and swore violently at the objects of her anger. For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed by her table, which she often took in her hand, and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chamber." This was written in October, 1601, by no unfriendly hand. In January, 1603, the historian tells us, that "she sate day and night on a stool, bolstered up with cushions, having her finger in her mouth, and her eyes fixed on the floor, seldom condescending to speak, and rejecting every offer of nourishment;" that she called the Lord Admiral to her, saying in a piteous tone, "My lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck." He sought to console her, but she replied, "No, I am tied, and the case is altered with me." The fact is, "the silver cord was broken, the golden fillet shrunk back, and the pitcher crushed at the fountain." Reason had fled, the indomitable will was broken, and the phantoms of imagination wore an ugly resemblance to deeds done when reason was in the ascendant. Elizabeth, in the last days of her life, as described by the

most trustworthy of our historians, bears a striking resemblance to the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare, when she glided along in a state of somnambulism, and strove in vain to wash imaginary blood-stains from her hands. A certain family likeness may be recognised between Queen Elizabeth and Lady Macbeth, and it is possible the poet, who composed his drama about 1606, may have modelled his terrible woman upon her sacred majesty, who expired a few years before.

To return to Carew: after some delay he received the royal permission to return to England, and at length, on the 20th March, 1603, set sail from Dublin. The sequel is described in a characteristic passage at page 706:—"The following day hee arrived at Bewmaeris. At his coming to Chester he met with the lamentable newes of the death of his good and gracious mistresse, Queen Elizabeth, for whom (as hee had good cause) hee extremely mourned; but two dayes following, being at Lichfield, hee assisted the mayor in the proclaiming of King James, which gave him new life, whom I beseech God long to preserve, and continue his posteritie for ever over his triumphant monarchy of Great Britain and Ireland." A few more dates bring us to the close of his long, prosperous and busy life. In 1605 he was made Baron Carew of Clopton, in honour of his wife; in 1608, Master of the Ordnance for life, and Privy Councillor; in 1611, Commissioner to enquire into the Plantation of Ulster, and the affairs of the undertakers, northern and southern; in 1626, Earl of Totnes, and Treasurer to the Queen; and in 1629 received his final dismissal from life, at his house in the Savoy, when all that remained of him was buried in the churchyard at Stratford-on-Avon. His wife survived him, and inherited enormous wealth. He also left an only child, a daughter, who married, first, a Mr. Wilsford, of Kent, and secondly, Sir Allen Apsly. In the 15th vol. of Ussher's Works, edited by Dr. Elrington, and published in 1864, is a letter to the archbishop from the Rev. Ralph Skinner, from which we give the following extract, as it affords a glimpse into the private life of the retired soldier and statesman, and of the subjects which occupied his thoughts in old age:—

Rev. R. Skinner to Archbishop Ussher.  
London, December 8th, 1625.

It hath pleased the Lord Carew, who lieth at Nonesuch, some mile and a-half from Sutton, before whose honour I have often preached, to be pleased to write his letter to the Right Honourable my Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Courtney, that he would be pleased at his request to bestow a benefice upon me when any shall fall in his gift; and he was pleased moreover to send the letter by Sir Thomas Stafford to my Lord Keeper, to solicit the matter by word of mouth. . . . I have given my Lord Carew satisfaction at sundry times of conference, and especially on these three: 1st—That the Pope and conclave be *ὁ ἀντιχριστος* (Antichrist); 2nd—That the points and vowels were given by God from Sinai; 3rd—That the Hebrew tongue is the most ancient tongue, and that Moses wrote in it, and not in the Chaldean and Egyptian; and all this proved out of the text of the Scripture; for which my Lord hath given me a greater commendation in the ancient tongues to my Lord Keeper than I either have deserved or can answer unto.

There is one point on which we willingly accord our hearty commendation to Carew. He was a great collector and treasurer of manuscripts relating to Ireland. After his death, the large collection he had made was deposited in the Lambeth library. In recent years they were printed and edited by Mr. Brewer; and now, in six bulky volumes, each with a preface from the learned editor, have become public property, and afford inexhaustible materials to the student or writer of history. They are fitly entitled the Carew Manuscripts. The following extract from a letter of Archibald Hamilton to Archbishop Ussher, also contained in the 15th vol. of Ussher's Works, page 433, will be read with great interest by those who appreciate this valuable collection :—

*April, 1629.*

. . . . . The Earl of Totnes departed this life some days since; his corpse is not yet buried. Soon after his decease, I went and made enquiry after that press of books and manuscripts which only concern Ireland, and asked if he had left them as a legacy to our college, as your lordship heretofore moved him, and as he himself lately promised to Sir Francis Annesly and myself that he would. Whatever the good man intended, or whatever direction he gave, I cannot learn; but the college is not like to get them, for one Sir Thomas Stafford, *the reputed son* of the said earl, hath got them and many other of my lord's things into his hands, out of which there will be hard-wringing of them. Sir Francis Annesly and I have earnestly dealt with him, that he would give them to the college, as the earl intended to leave them, and if not, that he would let your lordship have the refusal of them before any other, if they be to be made away. He absolutely refuseth to part with them upon any terms, alleging that he proposeth to erect a library wherein they and all other the earl's books are to be preserved for his everlasting memory. He promiseth withal, that if your grace, or any that your lordship will appoint, hath a mind to exemplify, write out or collect anything out of said books and manuscripts, he will most willingly afford your lordship or them a free and leisurely use of the same as to you shall seem fitting; and this was all that we would get from him. If your lordship's letter can be so powerful, it were not amiss to write to himself, for it may be conjectured from all his fair pretences that a ready sum of money may make an easy purchase of them.

But it was not to be. Trinity College, near Dublin, failed to acquire the precious documents, and they were deposited in the Episcopal Palace at Lambeth, where they remained buried, so far as the public was concerned, until their recent exhumation, as we already noticed, under the able editorship of Mr. Brewer.

Here, then, we close this sketch of Carew's life, in which the reader will have noticed two incidents, one relating to action, the other of the contemplative order. The first is the murder committed by him in the streets of Dublin, at the opening of his career, attested by the verdict of a jury, and the official report of the Lords Justices. The second is the consolatory conclusions to which, through the agency of the Rev. Randolph Skinner, he brought his speculations towards the close of his life—namely, that the Pope is Antichrist, that the Hebrew stops and vowels were revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai, and that Moses wrote in Hebrew, and not in the Chaldean or Egyptian tongue. Between the murder and his discovery about Antichrist, a period of surpassing interest in his career, to which, as yet, we have only given a pass-

ing glance, intervened. To this period we now propose to refer more particularly, and in doing so, to deal with the words and works of this, the real author of the book which, with a cynical irony, he has been pleased to call *Hibernia Pacata*.

This work the author divides into three books, each book embracing a year of his administration. It is replete with moving incidents by flood and field, told graphically and tersely; it lays bare with the utmost *naïveté*, the motives of action, and describes with infinite gusto the shameless frauds, as well as the sieges and battles of the unscrupulous president. In its pages a long list of men, famous in their day and still remembered, is paraded before our eyes, oftentimes in the most odious colours; and as we read, it occurs to us over and over again that we are occupied with a sensational romance, and not a chronicle of real events. Indeed, the subject matter is much more fitting for the pen of the Epic poet than of the grave historian. The bard who produced the line—

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate,

or he who wrote—

. . . . . Hope never comes  
That comes to all,

could here find the most inspiring themes.

Two exploits of the Irish enemy calculated to impress the mind of the Lord President very forcibly, inaugurated his tenure of office. One was the slaying of Sir Warham St. Leger—the joint Commissioner with Sir Henry Power for the government of Munster, pending the arrival of the Lord President—by Hugh McGuire, one of Tyrone's most renowned captains, who himself perished in the affray. The encounter is described at page 39, where we read, that "Sir Warham St. Leger, riding out of the citie (Cork) for recreation to take the aire, was suddenly charged by McGuire. Sir Warham discharged his pistol and shot the traitor, and he was stricken with the other's horseman's staffe, of which wounds either of them died." The other incident referred to is the capture of the Earl of Ormond, Commander-in-chief of the Queen's army in Ireland, by Owny O'More, at a conference held in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny. The Lord President was present at the conference, and had himself a narrow escape; his own words addressed to the Lords of the Council were, page 46—"For the rest I must thank my horse, whose strength bare down all about him." These things were done after the president's arrival in Ireland; and the latter event happened when he was on a visit to Ormond at Kilkenny Castle, during his progress towards Shandon Castle, near Cork, the seat of his provincial government. It may be added that Ormond was detained in duration for two months by his captor, and was then released, upon payment, as our author says, of £3,000 by way of ransom, or, as

our Irish annalists aver, upon giving security to that amount to abstain from all reprisals.

Arrived at Shandon Castle, Carew's first care was to obtain a report from the surviving commissioner, Sir Henry Power, on the state of the province. This document, inserted at page 56, is extremely interesting, as giving an insight into the task set before the president. A few short extracts, however, must suffice for quotation here :—

"I know not," reports Sir Henry, "how more fitly to describe unto your honour the estate of this province, than by comparing the same to a man that is *diseased of a languishing and almost incurable sickness*, the head so sore and the heart so sicke, that every member refuseth his naturall office, in so much, that I dare boldly affirm that since the conquest of Ireland this province of Munster was nevermore distempered than now it is ; for all the inhabitants of the country are in open and actual rebellion, except some few of the better sort. . . . Of a number of the rebels, especially of the province, . . . we can give no certain judgment, but for strangers (meaning Connaughtmen that receive bonnaght (pay) amongst them), we are certainly advertised that they are enlist five thousand men. . . . Her Majestie's forces heere garrisoned in the cities and walled towns . . . were in condition little better than besieged. Furthermore, all this might seem more tolerable if the cities and walled towns were a safe retreat for them ; but all of them are so besotted and bewitched with the Popish Priests, Jesuits and Seminaries, that for fear of their cursings and excommunications, they are ready upon every small occasion to rise in armes, . . . so that we may very well conclude that the estate of this province is like a man sicke of a most dangerous and desperate disease."

We may here parenthetically remark, that the Emperor Nicholas was not, as is seen by the foregoing, the first to use the simile of the sick man. The Lord President, on receipt of this report, at once set himself to apply the most drastic remedies to his patient, fire and sword, famine and pestilence, fraud and falsehood. Among the numerous enemies who confronted him, he discerned then, conspicuous by position and influence, the titular Earl of Desmond, Florence M'Carthy More, and Dermod O'Connor, Commander-in-chief of the Connaught mercenaries. Of each of these a few words in turn, and first of Dermod O'Connor. He was a Connaught chief "whose reputation grew partly by his wife, who was daughter to the old Earl of Desmond." (he that was beheaded in 1583) "and partly by his valour, being reputed one of the most valiant leaders and best commanders among the Irish rebels."—Page 65. It will be remembered that at this time the number of those mercenaries present in Munster was computed at 5,000. They were known by the name of Bonaghts, from an Irish word signifying "wages;" and, having been driven from their native province, had, under various petty leaders, followed the fortunes of Tyrone. The latter, when he organized the revolt in Munster, located them there, and appointed Dermod O'Connor to their command-in-chief. They were distinguished from the followers of the local chiefs, who were called Provincials, and had their pay assigned then, and assessed upon the territories of the chiefs in whose service they enlisted. To all intents and purposes they were mercenaries, serving under soldiers of fortune, resembling the

condottieri of Italy. Such being the case, Carew determined to detach Dermot O'Connor from the confederacy, and for this purpose to avail himself of bribery and the agency of his weak and ambitious wife, the Lady Margaret, whose ear he had succeeded in gaining. His go-between on this occasion was Miles Magrath, the renegade Archbishop of Cashel. It would be wearisome to go into details; suffice it to say, that for the sum of £1,000, to be paid by the president into the hands of Lady Margaret, O'Connor agreed to deliver up the Earl of Desmond, under whom he served, and whose pay he was receiving. The carrying out of this agreement, however, required management; and managed it was! O'Connor, being a stranger to the president, required security to be given that the £1,000 would be paid when his treason was accomplished; and, accordingly, it was settled that four persons, Redmond and Brian M'Grath, sons of the archbishop, and Captains William and John Power, should be placed in his hands as hostages for the payment of the money. The difficulty, however, was how to get the hostages into O'Connor's hands without exciting the suspicions of his adherents. The president was equal to the occasion. He despatched the four named on a pretended mission to a distance, gave notice to O'Connor of the time when they should arrive at a certain defile, and bade him set upon them and get possession of their persons by a show of violence. The artifice succeeded, and the hostages were secured. Another difficulty, however, presented itself. How could O'Connor justify his seizure of the earl, and escape the vengeance of his companions-in-arms? Here, too, the president showed himself a consummate artist in fraud. He proposed to write an autograph letter to the Earl of Desmond, thanking him for his services, and accepting a pretended offer for the betrayal of O'Connor. This letter was to be placed in that worthy's hands, and produced in justification of the earl's capture, with an allegation that it had been intercepted. Such was the president's plan, and it was literally carried out. The following is the concocted letter, all in Carew's handwriting, and fictitiously addressed to a man incapable of an act of baseness. It is given at page 93:—

*The Letter of the Lord President to James Fitz-Thomas (Earl of Desmond).*

SIR,—Your last letters I have received, and am exceeding glad to see your constant resolution of returne to subjection, and to leave the rebellious courses wherein you have long persevered. You may rest assured that promises will be kept, and you shall no sooner bring Dermot O'Connor to me, alive or dead, and banish his Bonaghts out of the countrie, but that you shall have your demand satisfied, which, I thank God, I am both able and willing to performe. Beleeve me, you have no better way to recover your desperate estate than by this good service which you have proffered; and, therefore, I cannot but commend your judgment in choosing the same to redeem your former faults. And I doe the rather beleeve the performance of it by your late action touching Loughgur, wherein your brother and yourself have well merited; and as I promised, you shall find me so just as no creature living shall ever know that either of you did assent to the surrender of it. [This assent was a mere fiction of the writer.] All your letters I have received, as also the joynt

letter from your brother and yourself. I pray loose no time, for delays in great actions are subject to many dangers. Now that the Quen's Armie is in the field, you may work your determination with most securitie, being ready to redeem you upon a daye's warning. So, *praying God to assist you in this meritorious enterprise, I doe leave you to His protection*—this 29th of May, 1600.

Such was the letter concocted by the Lord President, who adds, at page 92: "This letter was sent to Dermond O'Connor, which, when time should serve, hee might show as intercepted by him, and, therefore, what hee did was imposed upon him by necessitie, except hee would suffer himself wittingly and willingly to be betrayed." The sequel of this strange history must be shortly told. Dermod O'Connor did capture the earl, did show the president's quasi-intercepted letter in his justification, did imprison his captive in Castleishin pending his delivery to Carew, and did send the Lady Margaret to Kilmallock to receive the promised £1,000. Before the money was paid, the earl was rescued through the agency of an Irish priest and Florence McCarthy More. Dermod O'Connor shortly after, becoming suspect of his comrades, beat a retreat into Connaught, where, while under the queen's protection, his head was cut off in the course of a private brawl by Theobald ne Long Burke, a near kinsman of Ulick Earl of Clanrickard, and an adherent of the English. We are told, at page 193, that the Lady Margaret, O'Connor's widow, "in regard of her forwardness to have done the Quen service, had an £100;" and that Miles M'Grath, Archbishop of Cashel, "who was a principal agent in stirring up O'Connor to make the attempt he did on the titular earl, had for his share £120 13s. 3d."

A few words must suffice for our sketch of James, titular Earl of Desmond, commonly known as the Sugaune Earl, an epithet invidiously applied to him; or, as O'Sullivan Bear notes, in his History of Catholic Ireland, given him *per invidiam*. By the rules of English law and canons of inheritance, this James Fitz-Thomas was rightful owner of the title, and by the same code entitled to the vast estates which were assumed to have been forfeited on the death of the great rebel, Garrett, in 1583. His grandfather, James, fifteenth Earl of Desmond, was married four times; by his first wife, daughter of Viscount Fermoy, he had issue a son, Thomas, the father of the so-called Sugaune Earl. The fifteenth earl, however, who seems to have had peculiar notions as to rights of inheritance, set aside his son, Thomas, and bequeathed his title and estates to Garrett, the offspring of his second marriage. In vain was an appeal made by the disinherited and rightful heir to Elizabeth. Her majesty profited by the dissensions of her Irish subjects, and by her edict she upheld the unjust will, especially when it was found to be redolent of forfeiture. In this state of things, Tyrone, being in Munster, required James Fitz-Thomas to assume the title of

earl, and take possession of his estates. He no sooner proclaimed his rank, than every retainer of the Geraldines in Munster gave in his adherence; every castle, save Castlemaine, situated in the vast territories of his race, was surrendered into his keeping; and Castlemaine he besieged and reduced by famine. A large army, composed of his own followers, waited but his beck to go anywhere or do anything, and a compact and disciplined force of mercenaries received his pay and obeyed his orders. So affairs stood when Carew appeared on the scene. Desmond was at this time about forty years old, of a gentle disposition, more suited to discharge the duties of a country gentleman than of a guerilla leader. We have seen how narrowly he escaped the toils set for him by the president, in the plot contrived by that functionary with Dermot O'Connor. But the faggot, as Carew denominated the alliance of the Munster chiefs and Connaught Rangers, had been loosened and made powerless by O'Connor's treachery, and what fraud could not effect, fraud and force combined accomplished. The earl was attacked at all points by Carew; his armies were beaten, his territories wasted, and he himself harried to the last degree, until he became a fugitive and a dweller among caves and wildernesses. All, however, might not have sufficed, but for the convenient and congenial help of a traitor. The White Knight, a conspicuous Geraldine, and ancestor of the Earls of Kingston, undertook, for the sum of £1,000, to ferret out the prey, and deliver the chief of his house to his inveterate enemy. The knight, aided by his kinship, tracked the fugitive to his lair, seized him, and consigned him to the care of Carew. The earl was immediately tried for treason at Cork, found guilty, and condemned to death. His life, however, was spared, on the suggestion of the president that his brother John, a far more formidable personage, who was still in arms, would succeed to all the rights and pretensions of the deceased brother. The hint was acted on, and the unfortunate prisoner forwarded to London, where, in the Tower and Marshalsea, he lingered out a hopeless existence for about twelve years. Neither the date of his death nor the place of his burial is recorded. The White Knight received on the spot the stipulated reward of £1,000; two centuries and a-half afterwards, a more lasting tribute was paid to his memory by the pen of Mr. Aubrey de Vere:—

The name of the White Knight shall cease, and his race;  
 His castle down fall, roof and rafter!  
 This day is day of rebuke; but the base  
 Shall meet what he merits hereafter!

INISFAIL.

By far the most interesting figure in the "Pacata Hibernia" is that of Florence M'Carthy More, the only one of the three conspicuous men who confronted Carew on his arrival in Munster,

remaining to be described. Of all the stories told in history or romance, none is perhaps more piteous, none which appeals more forcibly to our feelings of sympathy and indignation, than that of Florence M'Carthy More. With a pedigree older than the Hapsburgs, and heir to territories more extensive than many a German principality, endowed by nature with an almost gigantic frame, a beautiful countenance, and most winning disposition, and accomplished by education to a degree far beyond his contemporaries, this man lived to the age of eighty years, fifty of which he passed in prison or under restraint in London, where he died, in or about 1640, a brokendown, weak, despised old man. The exact date of his death and place of his burial are alike unknown. Ample materials for his life were, not many years ago, collected by Daniel M'Carthy, of Gleann-na-Chroim, who, in his work entitled "The Life and Letters of Florence M'Carthy," has brought together abundant records for some future biographer. Florence was the eldest son of Sir Donough M'Carthy Reagh, chieftain of Carbury. He was born at his father's Castle of Kilbrittain, about the year 1565. When of sufficient age—that is, of the age of sixteen—he served on the queen's side in the great Desmond rebellion, and led the forces of his clan against their hereditary foe. At this period the head of all the M'Carthy's was Donald Earl of Clancarty, who resided on the banks of Killarney lake. This earl received his patent of nobility in 1565. He had an only son, Baron of Valentia, who died mysteriously in 1588, and an only daughter, the Lady Ellen Cartie. Upon the death of the Baron of Valentia, a furious conflict arose for the hand of the heiress presumptive of the M'Carthy More, Earl of Clancarty. The queen desired that she should wed some one of English birth and approved loyalty; the Irish chieftains, on the other hand, greatly desiderated her possession for one of themselves. Florence settled the question in the style of young Lochinvar. By the waters of Lough Lenc, in sight of Laune-bridge, still stand the ivy-covered ruins of a small chapel near the site of the Castle of Palice, the ancient seat of the M'Carthy More. Here, on a winter's morning in 1588, the Lady Ellen, aged sixteen, was married by the domestic chaplain to her cousin Florence, aged twenty-three, in the presence of her mother, the aged countess, and of O'Sullivan More, one to whose family belonged by hereditary right the duty of presenting to the M'Carthy More elect the white wand—a presentation necessary to the chief's installation in the headship of his clan. Great was the hubbub, loud the storming, and very grave the fears among English interests, upon the announcement of this marriage. Florence was seized and imprisoned, first in Cork, then in Dublin, and finally in London, where he was detained for the next twelve years. The young bride was also imprisoned, and measures were taken to dissolve the marriage. But she escaped from her gaolers under cover of

night, and for two years contrived to evade pursuit and discovery. At the end of this period she was allowed to rejoin her husband in London, where she tended him as a true wife, solaced his captivity, and became the mother of several children. In 1596 the Earl of Clancarty died; and again arose a furious scramble in Kerry and Desmond over the remains of the dead. In 1599 Florence was allowed to return to Ireland, on the condition of serving the queen, and with ample powers to repair to the rebel-camps, and negotiate on the part of her majesty. It was in this year, whilst Tyrone was in Munster, and not many months before Carew's arrival there, that Florence was inaugurated the M'Carthy More, in an assembly of all the chiefs of his race, presided over in regal fashion by the Northern Earl. O'Sullivan More attended, and completed the investiture by the presentation of the white rod. Want of space forbids more than a few additional details. From the moment of Carew's coming into Munster, Florence became the object of that functionary's plots and slanders. These proceedings terminated in an act of atrocious treachery on the president's part. The latter inveigled his victim to Cork, under a safe-conduct and letters of protection, in June, 1601, and whilst under her majesty's safeguard, had him arrested, and, along with the titular Earl of Desmond, conveyed a prisoner to London, where for forty years he lived, pined, and ultimately died. Rumours of a Spanish invasion was the motive which impelled Carew to this most villainous act; he trembled, yielded to temptation, and broke his own and sovereign's plighted word. It is painful to have to close this slight sketch with the avowal of a fact which threw the darkest shadow on the close of Florence's life. The Lady Ellen had been corrupted by the arts of Carew, and played the spy on her husband. All his secrets and his correspondence were from time to time divulged to his bitterest foe by her whom he had so fondly loved, and so dearly won in the day of his passionate youth. When Florence became aware of her guilt, he refused to see her more, or to hold any communication with her. The lady thereupon solaced herself with a government pension and a residence at Castlelough, on Killarney lakes, one of the principal of her ancestral strongholds. Reader, the Lake Hotel now welcomes the tourist where the Lady Ellen Carthy, wife of the gallant and unfortunate Florence M'Carthy More, once eeked out her existence, and, it is to be hoped, shed tears over her crime.

THOMAS GALLWEY.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*



## THE CYGNET'S STORY.

(A DANISH LEGEND.)

Down where the river spreads to its widest reach,  
     Is an eyot of trees,  
 A line of poplar and alders, and one big beech ;  
     And under these  
 Willow weed tall as a man, like a ripening peach :  
     And up to the knees  
 Wades in the stream a willow, whose long locks bleach  
     To the questing breeze.

Whenever I passed thereby, or late or soon,  
     It shivered and wept ;  
 When midges danced in the sun, when sunk from the moon  
     The lilies slept.  
 I wondered why : so at last on an afternoon  
     Through the reeds I crept,  
 Lay at its side, and said, " Old willow, a boon !"—  
     Then a troutling leapt.

But I would not mind the trout just then : I said,  
     " Old mournful tree,  
 Why do you tremble so, and hang your head ?  
     Come, tell to me !  
 Is it for trouble that comes, or bygone dread ?"  
     Then answered he,  
 " Alack, for the bonnie buckwheat, burnt and dead,  
     Was bright of blee !

" It grew in a field close by, on the further side,  
     All blue and bright,  
 And high for joy of its beauty waxed its pride—  
     Whence came the blight ;  
 For when the storm bolts opened the portals wide  
     To show Heaven's light,  
 The buckwheat scorned, as others, its head to hide,  
     And waved upright.

" For when the lightning flashes the skies divide,  
     Is Heaven laid bare,  
 That the awful face of the Father might be descried  
     Who sitteth there,

If one might gaze, but all their faces hide  
From that dread glare :  
“ And, ‘ Bow yourselves, mad grasses !’ loud I cried—  
‘ What will ye dare ?’

“ But the buckwheat said, ‘ Behold, as the eyes of God  
Are the buds we bear ;  
Naught like them swings on bough or springs from sod—  
All may we dare !  
Even the Judge would spare to smite with his rod  
A thing so fair :  
So will we, gazing on Heaven when storms are abroad,  
See what is there.’

“ The skies grew blacker and blacker, and zigzags blue  
The blackness crossed.  
Once, as I bent in haste, I caught a view  
Where blue buds tossed  
In wanton pride, and a fall must come, I knew.  
I said, ‘ They are lost !’  
I trembling peered through night, till darkness flew,  
With a heart like frost.

“ The morning came, all sunny and fresh : Alack !  
In the beaten field  
The buckwheat lay, all broken, and scorched, and black—  
Its fate was sealed :  
And this is why I evermore bow my back,  
And pity I yield  
For that bright bloom all gone to sorrowful wrack  
And loss of the weald.”

Ceased the old willow, and bent in the wave to look,  
With its branches grey ;  
It would not answer again, so my wings I shook,  
And I stole away  
To talk to the chattering mill-wheel up the brook,  
That is always gay :  
But the willow weeps on its shady island nook  
By night and day.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.



## THE OPENING DOOR.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

## PART I.

THE town of Cloneagh is one of the largest in the County Tipperary. It was once of much more importance than it now is. It has no factories, no mills, no commerce by water with the sea. On one side are low rolling hills; on the other three sides is a wide plain full of fine pasture-land and tillage, and dotted closely with prosperous farmsteads. The people of the town are peaceful and well-to-do. But there is now no more practical or unromantic town from Antrim to Cape Clear. In the old days this town helped to make history. It was then walled, and knew sieges, and famine, and plots, and treachery, and the other landmarks discernible in "the dark backward and abysm of time."

The town is unspeakably quiet. It seems as though it had fallen asleep long ago, and believed itself to be only dreaming through the events and circumstances of to-day. No doubt, a railway passes by Cloneagh, but then the station is a mile from the town, and many of the most respectable inhabitants have not yet set eyes on a steam engine.

Many of the shopkeepers are even more old-fashioned than the town itself. The prejudices of a hundred and fifty years ago linger in a few of the best houses. It is most unlikely you could get ten people of Cloneagh to taste Australian cooked mutton. Telescopes are looked on with suspicion, and microscopes with dread.

But there was, in the year 1870, among the shopkeepers one honourable exception to this condition of unfaith in all things not old, and common, and familiar. His name was William Curran; but as he was powerful in talk, and popular, and a most upright grocer, he was known throughout the town and neighbourhood as Billy Curran.

William Curran was a self-made man. He was the youngest son of a farmer who lived three miles from Cloneagh. When he was fifteen, his father had apprenticed him to one of the most respectable grocers of the town. From that day his conduct had been blameless. The people of Cloneagh—and some of them were keen to find flaws in the conduct of their neighbours—could not point to a single doubtful action of Curran's. He had minded his business, paid his way, and given offence to no man. He had for twenty years saved up most of his small salary, and when close on forty years of age married the daughter of his

employer, and carried on the business of his former master as soon as the old man died.

When a daughter was born to him, his joy was great ; but later on, when a son and heir was given to him, William Curran was almost beside himself with delight. From the moment that child made his appearance in the world, the whole end and aim of the father's heart was to bring up that son so that he might be a credit to himself, and the wonder of the town of Cloneagh and the County Tipperary.

The boy's education became his prime care for many years. He had allowed Mrs. Curran complete control over their daughter Mary, and reserved to himself complete control over his son.

"It is only fair," he had said, "that the women should have the girls and the men the boys. That is only just."

Feeling the weight of a grave responsibility upon him, he made all preparations in his power to discharge it worthily.

"The boy must be well grounded first in his religion," he decided. Accordingly, when James was old enough, he was sent to a day-school in Cloneagh, where special attention was given to religious subjects.

The boy was rather dull and heavy, and it took a good deal of teaching to get simple things into his head. But he was hard-working, and painstaking, and docile ; and in time he mounted to the top of that day-school, and it became necessary for his father to look out a more advanced school for his son.

"Once you ground a boy well in his religion, you may allow him more latitude than most people think," said William Curran often to his wife. At this time he had almost determined to brave the public opinion of Cloneagh, and send the boy to a secular college or a mixed school. But he, after long debate, decided to send the boy to Tullamore.

The boy remained some years at Tullamore, and here, as at the day-school, he distinguished himself more by his good conduct and his plodding application than by any display of genius or talent.

"Never mind," his father would say ; "sharp boys make dull men, and so long as my boy keeps his conduct good and sticks to his books steadily, he'll get on much better than what are called your brilliant lads. My lad is now sixteen, and I'll apprentice him to Dr. Hogan when he comes back from Tullamore College ; and as soon as he's done with Dr. Hogan, I'll send him off to Dublin City, and have him finished in the best way that money and talent can do—and no mistake."

It was in the year 1870 that young James Curran was apprenticed to Dr. Hogan of Cloneagh. Although Dr. Hogan happened to be an apothecary, he was not only called doctor, but looked upon as a very skilful practitioner.

At that time William Curran was a tall, thin, dark-featured

man, whose face conveyed more the idea of sour conservatism than of blithe liberalism, in matters social. But when William Curran was known to be thoroughly upright and just, and at the same time an advocate of strange social doctrines, the peculiarity of his tenets added lustre to his name.

Mrs. Curran was a stout, well-favoured woman, with a round, smooth, sallow face, and thin black hair. She regarded her husband as an infallible oracle, and would no more have thought of calling his word or wish into question than of denying there was daylight at noon.

Mary, the daughter, was short, round-faced, fresh-coloured, slow in her movements and in her mind, and very devotedly attached to her brother. She was downright pretty, which is always an agreeable characteristic of a young woman. Already some of the sharpest young men of the town displayed an apprehension of Mary Curran's good looks. Upon meeting her they would square their shoulders, display care in the turning out of their toes and the cocking of their hats at the most striking and prepossessing angle on their heads, and otherwise show commendable care of their personal appearance.

James, the pride of the family and the hope of the *bourgeoisie* of Cloneagh, was tall, slender, poorly made, and possessed of a head much larger than the average. His face was white, his eyes were sunken and dull, and his hair, faded brown in colour, always asserted its independence of his massive head by standing up at right angles to its base of operation all over the scalp. This some took to be a sign of genius, and others a sign of foolishness; while a few, whose minds had been embittered by failure in business or the want of sons, held that there was no need for a division into two camps over the matter, as foolishness and genius were pretty much the same thing.

Young Curran was not good-looking, strong, or quick; but he was singularly amiable. He was knock-kneed, and had sloping shoulders, and a grey white complexion; he could not lift two fifty-sixes at the one time if you offered him a dukedom for the feat, and it took him half-an-hour to commit to memory the names of the Balearic Islands. But he could follow advice, and submit his will to the doing of unpleasant things; and these were two very useful qualities in a lad entering upon the world in any capacity, profession, or circumstances.

James had no ambition. When he took up his position in Dr. Hogan's shop, he did so without the least personal bias towards medicine or a genteel future. Had his own personal taste been consulted, he would have substituted his father's counter for the doctor's. He had had enough of books; and the idea that there were years of study before him, and a lifetime of anxious responsibilities beyond those, chilled and repelled the lad, and made him feel more like a convict stepping aboard the transport that is to

convey him to a captivity full of unknown perils and labours, than a young man crossing the shadowy threshold of his pleasant dreams, and entering upon the realms where the phantoms of his imagination had taken substantial forms.

The night of the first day young Curran spent in the service of medicine, Mr. Curran assembled the family in the shop-parlour, and delivered to the three members of his household an important harangue on one of his pet themes, and in connection with one of the persons present. He proceeded thus:—

“James, you have to-day entered upon the career which I have long destined for you. You will one of those days be a doctor—and a good and successful doctor, I am sure. I have up to this done my duty towards you, as far as I knew my duty. But there is much of my duty yet to be done.

“I have always, as you know, differed in many points from those around me, and in no case have my opinions been at greater variance than in the matter of bringing up children and launching lads in the world. The present system is far too strict, and I intend in your case carrying my theory into practice.

“I think fathers would have less cause of complaint against their sons if they treated their sons more as equals, and tried to get on with their boys as companions not as masters. Now I intend that you and I shall be good friends all our lives—the best of friends. In fact, I intend that there shall be full and complete confidence between us. You will tell me all your troubles and your difficulties, and I will help you in every way I can. I do not want you to have the prudence of middle age while you are yet a lad. But I want you to have confidence in me; and if you get into any scrape or difficulty you are to come to me first of all. Will you promise me that?”

“Yes, sir,” answered James uneasily. He had really got into no scrape whatever, and yet he felt, the way his father discounted his future conduct, as if he had exhausted most of the crimes whose penalties were not death.

“Now, James, so far so good. The next thing I have to say to you is that you are close upon seventeen years of age; you have entered on the business of life, and you will be more or less in the world. Hitherto you have been at school, where there are few ways of spending money. While you were at school, I paid all regular charges and gave you three-and-sixpence a-week pocket-money. Of course, I shall continue to pay all your expenses still, but I will increase the pocket-money to half-a-sovereign.”

The lad lifted his heavy head, looked out of his dim blue eyes at the gaunt, lank man before him, and said: “Indeed, father, I do not want the money. I never spent half my pocket-money at school, and I am sure I could do very well with the three-and-six.”

William Curran placed his hand on his son's arm, and said impressively: "James, I am older than you. I began the world without money or friends. My people could do no more for me than pay the apprentice's fee to your grandfather and clothe me, until I got a salary. I know all about it, and I am older than you, and better able to judge these matters. One must learn prudence early in life, and there is no way to teach prudence in money matters better than giving the handling of a little money to people when they are young."

The prospect of having twenty-six pounds a-year to spend was certainly very cheering; but in young Curran's mind there was such an utter want of speculation and fancy, that the promised allowance was to him only the number of shillings enumerated, and not, as with a lad of more ardent temperament, the things this sum, ten shillings, would buy. All he could find an idea for was a general feeling of gratitude, which found expression in a brief "Thank you, father."

"And now, James, I want to ask you two questions. Do you smoke?"

"No, sir. Indeed I do not."

"Do you ever drink anything?"

"Oh, father, no. What put such things into your head? No one has said I smoke or drink?" He was really distressed at the mere notion of being charged with such vices.

"No, James; no one has accused you of either habit."

"Indeed, father, I would not think of either. I look on smoking as a dirty and disgusting habit, and, of course, drinking is a thousand times worse."

"James, attend to me."

"Yes, sir," said James, who felt half-inclined to cry, notwithstanding his years.

"When I was a young man, smoking was not half so common a practice as now. Very few men in our position in Cloneagh smoked then. I cannot say the same about the drinking. I am afraid there was more drunk in the town when I was a boy than there is to-day. Anyway, I kept clear of both. I never put a pipe in my mouth in all my life; and although I am no teetotaler, I have never done myself any harm, or given scandal through drink. To-day, James, as I have said before, you begin the world. Now what do you think I bought to-day, James? Guess."

"I cannot, sir."

"Guess."

"Indeed I cannot."

"Try. Think of the last thing in the world you would fancy my buying."

James, thus compelled to exercise his faculty of divination, felt sorely beset. He could think of many things, it was true; but all

that occurred to his mind were in the ordinary routine. It was necessary he should say something.

"Come on," cried his father, in an almost jovial tone. "Guess I say, or you shall not have share."

"A pig?"

"No; try again."

"A turkey?"

"No; have another guess. A turkey is not much out of the common."

James was fairly desperate now; he was prepared to risk any absurdity rather than make an ordinary guess.

"A box?" he began.

"Good!" cried the father, interrupting his son.

"Cart?" concluded the son.

"No."

"A box," mused the son for a moment.

"Of cigars," finished the father, after a few seconds.

"A box of cigars!" cried James, throwing up his hands in excitement. "Who on earth for?"

"For you and me."

"For you and me!"

"Yes, James. And I have got in a gallon of the very best whiskey. Now listen to me. Too much smoking or too much whiskey is bad for anyone. But I don't say that a cigar and a glass of punch at night, when work is over, do a man any harm as long as he stops there, and has them at home in his own house. In a year or two you would commence to smoke, and, if you were like other lads, keep the fact from me. At the same time you would begin taking a glass of stout or ale or whiskey, and that also you would keep from me. Now I want you to have your first glass of punch and your first cigar under your father's roof, in company with your father. Every evening when you come home you can have your glass of punch and your cigar here with me, and that, James, will keep us companions and make it unnecessary for you to seek society or comfort away from your own roof."

Thus it was that in the year 1870 William Curran and James, his son, had their first glass of punch and cigar together in their own house in the town of Cloneagh.

The next Sunday being fine, father and son went out arm-in-arm for a walk. As they passed down the Main-street, the father was seen by many to light a cigar and then offer a light to his son. In a few weeks the rumour spread through the town that "Billy Curran was teaching his son to drink and smoke!"

Although the town had seen the father offer the son a light in the public street, it still could not entertain that rumour seriously. At first the town thought the report was the invention of some wag, and treated the matter as a joke. Then the town ceased to

look upon the tale as a joke, and regarded it as the lying story of some enemy of Curran's—of someone who wished to ruin the honest grocer's reputation.

Tom O'Connor, an adventurous neighbour, called one night at Curran's, was asked into the shop-parlour, and found father and son with cigars and tumblers, and having been invited to join, sat down and had a glass of punch, but declined smoking. Tom O'Connor drew the line at cigars.

After this Cloncagh could doubt no longer, and something like a commotion arose among the townsfolk of Curran's class. What kind of an example was this to set? What sort of a way was this for a respectable shopkeeper to go on? Was Billy Curran losing his reason? Wasn't the devil able to do his own work among young men without the fathers of young men lending him a hand?

Indignant parents asked such questions of one another, and made angry replies against Curran.

But there were others who did not hold with these indignant parents. Sons of about James Curran's age extolled the liberal policy of Curran, and envied the happy lot of him who, being not yet seventeen years of age, was treated by his own father as though he were an equal, supplied with liberal pocket-money, and allowed to do as he pleased at home.

Indignant parents did not confine themselves to angry dialogues among themselves. They let fall remarks in Curran's shop. They inveighed at the crime of those who led the young astray, or betrayed the unwary into temptation. And one parent of more vigour of thought than good taste, stood at Curran's door for a quarter of an hour one evening abusing him roundly, until the police came up and obliged her to perorate before she felt half relieved.

At length the state of affairs came to the ears of Father Donnelly, the parish priest of Cloncagh, and the next time he was passing by he looked in to have a few words with Curran. After salutations and preliminary inquiries had been exchanged, the priest said:—

"Curran, I suppose you know that the neighbours are talking a good deal about you?"

"Are they. I'm sorry for that. Yes; business *is* slack."

"It isn't about your business they are speaking."

"I didn't mean that they were talking about *my* business. But when they talk about a neighbour, it's a sign that their business is bad, and that they want to keep their minds off their own affairs. I'm sorry for them. Isn't it a lovely day, Father Donnelly?"

"Very fine, indeed. But is what I hear a fact?"

"How can I tell, your reverence? They say it is always best to believe only half of what you see and none of what you hear."

"But, Curran," said the priest, in a quiet, conciliatory tone and manner, "is it a fact that you approve of your son smoking—a lad of his years?"

"Father Donnelly, my boy is a good lad. He comes home when he gets away from Dr. Hogan's, and do you think it is any great sin for him to sit an hour or so before he goes to bed, and pass that hour in a chat with his father over a cigar?"

"But surely you do not think tobacco and punch are suited to a youth of his years?"

"I don't think they are more suited to a lad of his years who takes them on the sly than to a lad who takes them openly under his father's roof and in his father's presence."

"But boys of his age do not take them on the sly or in the open."

"That may be as you say, Father Donnelly. But boys or lads or men, whatever you like to call them, do, as a rule, begin to use them very little after they come to his years, if not before; and I want to give my boy good homely habits. He shall not have to turn night-walker for the comfort of a cigar and a glass of something hot."

"I see you have made up your mind to follow out your design; so, Curran, there is no use in my saying any more. But remember that when people make a wide departure from custom in such a matter as the government of the young, they incur very grave responsibilities."

"I am thankful to you for the interest you have shown in us, Father Donnelly, but I'll stand by my plan."

For a year things went on in the old way. Mr. Curran held his head higher than ever. It was not every father in Cloneagh who could say his son came straight home each night after business. His principle had succeeded, and he felt himself justified in the course he had adopted.

In the second year, James Curran got a week's holidays, and as he had now a vast accumulation of pocket-money, fifteen pounds twelve, he asked his father if he might not go to Dublin for the week, partly for pleasure and the improvement of his mind by a look at the capital, and partly that he might make some inquiries about lectures and get some books he stood in need of. The father heartily consented, and the lad set off.

On the seventh day he was back again in Cloneagh with the books, all the information he had required, five pounds twelve out of fifteen pounds twelve, and, for the home circle, a history of all the marvels of the metropolis. It had been his good fortune to travel from Dublin to Cloneagh in the same carriage compartment as young Dr. Doherty, son of Mr. Doherty, the solicitor, who had just passed his final examination in medicine with such great brilliancy. The two young men had got into conversation in the train. Hitherto the two had not been

acquainted, as the Dohertys held their heads very high among the townsfolk, and would not allow their son to associate with the sons of shopkeepers.

Young Dr. Doherty had, however, no such narrow caste prejudices, and conceiving a liking for the simple, modest son of the grocer, they became friends from that hour.

This friendship was new life to young Curran. Up to that time he had no companion of anything like his own age in Cloneagh. The young doctor was not only agreeable and entertaining, but was able to give James a vast quantity of most useful knowledge and advice about reading and the Dublin schools.

In the second year of James Curran's apprenticeship, Dr. Doherty spent a good deal of his spare time in Dr. Hogan's shop, talking to young Curran. It was in this year, too, that Dr. Doherty began to come home often of an evening with James, and smoke a cigar, and have a chat in the shop-parlour. The elder Currans felt greatly honoured by these visits, and encouraged James to bring Dr. Doherty as often as he could.

William Curran was half beside himself with pride in his boy and the success of his pet scheme. He walked with head erect and confident tread, and in his eye shone the steady, unwavering light of a profoundly self-satisfied spirit.

One evening the household of Curran was thrown into a condition of supreme excitement: James had written a note to say he should not be home that evening. The note had been addressed to his father, and he read it aloud so far to his wife and daughter. Mary looked at her mother, and her mother looked at Mary, in astonishment. This was the first infraction of a habit now of nearly two years' standing. As soon as they could gather courage, they raised their eyes to the father's face. To their great surprise there was a look of triumph on it. The father proceeded to read the finish of the note:—

"Dr. Doherty has asked me to supper at his father's house, and I could not refuse without offending him."

The women coloured with pleasure. Here was a great social stride upwards. James asked to the exclusive Doherty's! That was an honour!

"Well," cried William Curran, exultingly, "who was right after all? Have we not kept James to his home until now, and the first evening he spends out of his home, it's not in any low or unbecoming place, but at Attorney Doherty's; and no man in the barony holds his head higher than Attorney Doherty. Although James is six years younger than Dr. Doherty, you see how well they get on together. You won't find a son of Michael Dwyer or Martin Power going up to Doherty's."

It was a little late when James came back, but all the family were waiting up to see him and hear the news.

James was in great spirits when he returned, and gave a most

glowing account of the evening. They had had music, supper, wine, dancing, billiards. He had danced with Captain Eliot's daughter, to whom young Doherty had introduced him.

"Danced with Captain Eliot's daughter!" cried the delighted mother.

Mary simply opened her eyes and mouth.

The father stroked his waistcoat caressingly, in profound self-approval and joy.

Yes, he had danced with Captain Eliot's daughter, a most beautiful and amiable creature. They said she was going to be married to Major Carnwell.

"Did you see Major Carnwell?" asked Mary, who possessed, in common with all her sisterhood of youthful spinsters, an absorbing interest in all matters of the heart.

"Of course I did. I played two games of billiards with him."

"Why," exclaimed the enraptured mother, "he's the commander of the garrison. You don't say you played billiards with the commander of the garrison?"

"Yes, I did; worse luck!"

"Worse luck!—what do you mean, James?" asked the mother in astonishment.

"James," interposed the father, "did he wish to lay a wager on the game?"

"No, sir, not on the game; but when I was well in position for the red on spot he offered me five to two that I did not score."

"You accepted the wager?" asked the father, very deliberately.

"I did, sir; it was an easy shot. But when I felt there was a bet on it, I faked and missed it; and the worst of it was, that I hadn't the two pounds with me."

The father rose and left the room hurriedly. While he was away no one spoke. James tried to fancy what form his father's displeasure would take. Could it be that, having heard of this gambling debt, his father had left them thus abruptly and gone in speechless disgust to his room?

Presently the door opened and Mr. Curran entered. Going up to where James sat, he stood in front of his son and said: "James, you will to-morrow call upon your friend, Major Carnwell, and pay him. Among gentlemen debts of honour should be discharged as soon as possible. Pay the major out of this, and keep the balance."

He had handed his son a five pound note. This was the proudest moment of William Curran's life.

From that day forth William Curran changed his theory in some degree. Hitherto he had held that the great thing was to keep youths during their idle hours under the family roof-tree; but the first step of James from the domestic fireside had been attended by such brilliant success, that he abandoned his old plan to meet the exigencies of later developments in the career of his son.

## IN GALILEE.

AN open country, smiling, and calm, and fair :  
Mountains and open plains, and here and there  
A road with sunny hillocks, and hamlets where  
The apple orchards cluster, and the vine  
Climbs the flat roofs, or o'er the field supine  
Spreads. Down the river comes a cooling air,  
And all is green and fresh in flower and tare.  
The scent of vineyards gladden the summer glow,  
Faintly freshened from Hermon's fringe of snow.  
Northwards are uplands, and Genesareth, bound  
By mild, grey, wavy hills, in skies as clear  
As spring-light, sleeps, like some low quiet mere  
Fancied in evening's levels ; and anear  
Tabor's round summit, by its oak-clump crowned,  
With little white square farms girdled around,  
Rises : and southward undulates the ground  
On to the rugged, long Esdraelon vale,  
Fringed with mountains, sultry, grey, and pale ;  
And Carmel's promont, shadowy o'er the brine—  
A broken band of rich dark blue divine.  
Scarce seen through sunny, wide, sheep-dotted meads,  
Buff Jordan winds through its tall walls of reeds  
And tamarisks, until its dwindling line  
Fails toward the old red, leafy Jebusite hills  
And land of Moab, where the cascade spills  
From cliff to cliff, and fading leaves no sign,  
When evening purples the upland east like wine.  
Eastward the desert spreads in sultry swoon,  
Dizzy and dry : the heavy heat of noon  
O'er olive grove, old tomb, and palm, and well,  
On the far flats falls breathless, burning ; but soon  
The green plains round freshen from the cool sea ;  
Airs visit smiling Nazareth's lovely and lone  
Clean hamlet street, whose sycamores, whisperingly  
From leaf and blossom, blend their summer tone  
With innocent children's voices, playing among  
Hedges of roses, and with maiden's song  
And laughter, as the white group, gossiping, throng  
Round the old fountain, where, in grey years gone,  
The wayfarer drank, and camel slaked its thirst,  
With eager eyes and nervous nostril pursed,  
Ere journeying toward Jerusalem, hot and high,  
Piled on its hoary hills in the southern sky.

At length comes on refreshing afternoon ;  
 The plain feels the faint presence of the sea ;  
 The oval coo of doves from sycamore domes  
 Comes from the gardens round the leafy homes,  
 Where figures are gathering myrrh and honeycombs ;  
 The scarlet cloud streaks roof green Galilee,  
 And, floating up, the soft and superb moon  
 Comes like a goddess queen of the far East  
 And olden time, bidden unto some feast  
 Held in those halls of rosy western day—  
 Tumults of crimson cloud, now turning grey,  
 Past Elisha's isles and Joppa's rocky bay—  
 Halls plenteous piled with red ambrosia  
 And laughing cups ranged dulcet-deep thereby,  
 Noted in Homer's song, Anacreon's sigh—  
 Quintessent nectar, sparkling immortally ;  
 And golden couches, whereupon to lay  
 Her young limbs, ivory-smooth and pale as snow,  
 And robe's fair fragrant volute's radiant flow,  
 Like moon clouds, or sweet verses clothing light  
 With airy words, some beauteous dream of night.

And as she moves, in bluest darkness, round  
 The spacious, shadowy land, there is no sound  
 Save of the lambs bleating themselves to sleep,  
 Or rustle of foliage drifted from some steep,  
 Or voices low of waters, vague as rain,  
 Or hollow wind in rocks, upon the plain,  
 Whose verdurous disc remote, the moon has set  
 With twinkle of leaves, and white cliff, dewy-wet,  
 And iridescent sparkle of rivulet.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 A sacred calm fills air and earth and time ;  
 The land sleeps like a child, and from above  
 The stars seem singing of the Divine Love,  
 Whose form those fields once knew, well as the sun—  
 The Heart of Deity, gone forth upon  
 His mission through their worlds, sweet and sublime.

T. C. IRWIN.



## JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

*Concluded.*

THE reader has already seen what were the views of De Maistre on the future of Catholicism. I must refer those who would wish to penetrate his thought still deeper to his grand work, *Du Pape*, which he concludes with these solemn words:—"The Catholic edifice, whose component parts are politically dissimilar, and even inimical—attacked, moreover, by all that human power, aided by time, could devise of a nature the most malicious, crafty, and formidable—at the very moment when it seems to be finally crumbling away, is more firmly seated than ever upon its foundations; and the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom, escaped from the most pitiless persecution, consoled by new accessions, by illustrious conversions, by the most cheering hopes, raises his august head in the midst of astounded Europe. His virtues were undoubtedly worthy of this triumph. . . O, holy Church of Rome!" he exclaims, "as long as I shall have the power of utterance, I shall use it to celebrate thee. Immortal mother of science and sanctity, I greet thee—*salve magna parens!* It is thou who sheddest light to the extremities of the earth, wherever blind sovereignties do not stop thy influence, and often even in despite of them. It is thou who causest human sacrifices, barbarous or infamous customs, fatal prejudices, the night of ignorance to cease; and wherever thy envoys cannot penetrate, something is wanting to civilization. The great men belong to thee! . . . The Pontiffs will soon be universally proclaimed the supreme agents of civilization, the creators of European monarchy and unity, the preservers of science and arts, founders and protectors of civil liberty, destroyers of slavery, enemies of despotism, indefatigable upholders of sovereignty, benefactors of mankind. No throne in the universe ever bore so much wisdom, science and virtue. In the midst of all imaginable over-turnings, God has constantly watched over thee, O, Eternal City! All that could ruin thee has been leagued against thee, and thou art standing, and, as thou wast formerly the centre of error, thou art for eighteen hundred years the centre of truth. The Roman power made thee the citadel of Paganism, apparently invincible in the capital of the known world. All the errors of the universe converged towards thee, and the first of thy emperors, concentrating them in a single resplendent point, consecrates them all in the Pantheon. The capital of Paganism was destined to become that of Christianity; and the temple that, in this capital, concentrated all the forces of idolatry, was to unite all the lights of faith—all the saints in place of all the gods. What an in-

exhaustible subject of profound philosophical and religious meditation!"

In that masterly treatise the reader will find all the irrefutable arguments in favour of the maintenance of the Papal power firmly upheld, and such light thrown upon them as only genius exalted by faith can shed. He will be told how the Church has outlived every other power, no human institution having lasted over eighteen hundred years; how all the Churches that separated in the twelfth and sixteenth centuries have only preserved their external forms, like frozen corpses, in whom the cold has temporarily arrested decay, but from whom all life and warmth have departed; how every Church that is not Catholic is Protestant, and can only be designated by a negative name; and that every effort to reunite the separated Churches has utterly failed, the Catholic Church alone having a name upon which the whole world is agreed, proving that without the Sovereign Pontiff there is no real Christianity, and that no honest man, separated from him, can sign upon his honour (if he has any knowledge of the subject) a clearly circumscribed profession of faith. The reader will also have it made clear to him how there is no pedantry or exclusiveness in Rome, and that the Popes have never refused to kings or peoples all that is Christianly possible; that all the fears excited, and all the big words used with reference to their terrible infallibility, are only a vain scarecrow, and that it is a rôle very unworthy of a Catholic, or even a man of the world, to write against this magnificent and divine privilege of the Chair of Peter; that nothing in history is so invincibly demonstrated as the monarchical supremacy of the Sovereign Pontiff, and that there is not in Europe a sovereignty more justifiable—like the Divine Law, it is *justificata in semetipsa*. The Popes became sovereigns unawares, and even despite themselves. "An invisible law," he says, "erected the See of Rome, and it may be said that the Chief of the Universal Church is a born sovereign. From the scaffold of the martyrs he mounted a throne, at first unperceived, but which consolidated itself universally, like all great things, and was revealed from its earliest age by I know not what atmosphere of grandeur that environed it, without any assignable cause. Sovereignty, by its nature, resembles the Nile: it conceals its head. That of the Popes alone derogates from the universal law. All its elements have been laid bare in order that it may be visible to all eyes—*et vincat cum judicatur*. There is nothing so evidently just in its origin as this extraordinary sovereignty. The incapacity of the sovereigns that preceded it; the unbearable tyranny exercised over goods, persons and peoples, the formal abandonment of those very peoples, handed over defenceless to pitiless barbarians; the voice of the west abdicated by its former master; the new sovereignty that starts up, advances and takes the place of the old one without any shock, without bloodshed, impelled by a hidden, in-

vincible force, and, up to the last moment, swearing faith and fidelity to the feeble personage it is going to replace—in fine, the right of conquest, acquired and solemnly ceded by one of the greatest men that ever existed, so great, that greatness has penetrated his name : such are the titles of the Popes, and history presents nothing like them.” He proves conclusively that the Papal monarchy is anterior to the Carolingian donation ; for Pepin, before attacking Astolphus, sent several ambassadors to urge him to re-establish peace, and “*restore* the possessions of the Holy Church of God and the Roman Republic ;” and in the famous charter, “*Ego Ludovicus*,” Louis le Debonnaire declares that “Pepin and Charlemagne had long since by an act of donation *restored* the Exarchate to the Blessed Apostle and the Popes.”\*

It is a trite saying that history repeats itself ; and to no country in Europe is the observation more strikingly applicable than to Italy. In the Piedmontese usurpation and occupation of Rome, and in the complications between the Holy See and the new German empire, we have two notable episodes in Church history re-enacted under our eyes in the midst of this nineteenth century, which so loves to persuade itself that it has completely broken with the past. In Rome, under Piedmontese domination, as in Pagan Rome, there are at this moment two sovereigns representing two principles, two phases of thought, two civilizations. The Roman Pontiff again confronts the Cæsars ; and if there be any philosophy or logic in history, the historical student, guided solely by the light of facts, may confidently predict the issue. Even when the Roman Pontiff was a subject, the incongruity of the situation was felt. They recognised the presence of a priesthood so eminent, that the Emperor, who bore among his titles that of Sovereign Pontiff, suffered another in Rome to bear it with more impatience than he would brook, another Cæsar in the army who should dispute with him the empire. “Perhaps in the mind of Constantine,” says De Maistre, “nascent faith and respect, mingled with the embarrassment I speak of ; but I do not doubt for a moment that this sentiment influenced his determination to transfer the seat of empire, far more than all the political motives attributed to him. The same place could not contain the Emperor and the Pontiff. Constantine ceded Rome to the Pope. From that moment it is felt that the Emperors are no longer at home in Rome. They are like strangers who, from time to time, come to lodge there with permission.† But here is what is more astonishing still :

\* *Des Papes*, liv. ii., chap. vi.

† It is curious that Mr. Gallenga, the *Times* correspondent, who cannot be suspected of any partiality towards the Papacy, not long ago described the horde of hungry officials who constitute the *entourage* of the sovereign who calls himself “King of Italy,” in similar terms, and complained of the absence of the aristocracy from Rome as indicative of a feeling of want of confidence in the “stability” of the new *régime*.

Odoacer with his Herules had just put an end to the Empire of the West in 475; soon after the Herules disappeared before the Goths, and the latter in turn gave place to the Lombards, who seized upon the kingdom of Italy. What power for more than three centuries hindered the princes from permanently establishing their thone in Rome? What arms drove them back at Milan, Pavia, Ravenna, &c.? It was the donation that perpetually prevailed and descended too high not to be executed. From all sides they turned to the Pope; every affair was referred to him; insensibly, and without knowing how, he had become in Italy, in relation to the Greek Emperor, what the Mayor of the Palace was in France to the titular King. In a word, the Popes were absolute masters, sovereigns *de facto*, or, to express it more exactly, sovereigns by compulsion, before any Carlovingian liberality. The people of Italy, driven to despair, took counsel together. Abandoned by their masters, ravaged by the barbarians, they selected their own chiefs and gave themselves laws. The Popes, become Dukes of Rome, *de facto* and *de jure*, could no longer resist the people, who flung themselves into their arms, and, not knowing how to defend them against the barbarians, at length turned their eyes to the French princes. All the rest is known. What remains to be said after Baronius, Pagi, Le Cointe, Marca, Thomassin, Orsi, and so many others who have left nothing unrecorded to place this grand epoch of history in its full light?\*" He points out as a remarkable feature in the political policy of the Popes, that they never used their immense power to aggrandize the States of the Church, although, as temporal princes, they equalled or surpassed in power several crowned heads, and had as much right to make war as they had.

Upon the vexed question of the German pretensions upon Italy, and the war of investiture, at one time debated with a warmth that now-a-days men even passably well-informed find it difficult to understand, he is equally clear, solid, and convincing. The temporal power, then as now, openly threatened to extinguish ecclesiastical supremacy, and make the Church both in Germany and Italy a grand fief dependent on the Emperor. Every historical student is more or less familiar with the salient features of the protracted wars arising out of the disputed investiture of bishops with the cross and the ring, which the Popes would not concede, for fear sovereigns should make use of these religious symbols to signify that they likewise conferred spiritual jurisdiction, thus changing the benefice into a fief; a contest between the spiritual and temporal powers, made for ever memorable by the striking episode of Canossa, near Reggio, in 1077, when

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\* "To form a sound judgment of it," he says elsewhere, "we must look at it from a height and only regard it as a whole: short-sighted people should not read history, they are losing their time."

Gregory VII., holding the Eucharist in his hands, turned to the Emperor, and summoned him to swear, as he had sworn, upon his eternal salvation, that he never acted but with a perfect purity of intention for the glory of God and the happiness of peoples; while Henry, overawed by the saintly aspect of the Pontiff, and oppressed by his conscience, dared not repeat the formula or receive communion. De Maistre places the struggle between the priesthood and the empire, as it is commonly called, in its true light when he declares that it was really a struggle between Germany and Italy; between usurpation and freedom; between the master who brings chains and the slave who rejects them—a war in which the Popes did their duty as Italian princes and wise statesmen, taking the part of Italy, because they could not favour the Emperor without dishonour, nor stand neutral without ruin. The posterity of Charlemagne was extinct. Neither Italy nor the Popes in particular, owed anything to the princes who replaced them in Germany. Even Voltaire admits as much. "These princes," he says, "decided everything by the sword. The Italians certainly had a more natural right to freedom than a German to be their master. If this authority of the Emperors had lasted, the Popes had only been their chaplains and Italy their slave. It seems evident that the grand design of Frederick II. was to establish the throne of the new Casars in Italy; and it is at least quite certain that he ambitioned an unlimited and undivided sway over the peninsula."\* Where, asks De Maistre, is the charter giving Italy to the German Emperors? Where have they learned that the Pope must not act as a temporal prince, that he must be purely passive, and let himself be beaten, despoiled, &c. The Popes, he concludes, as natural chiefs of the Italian association, and born protectors of the people that composed it, had every imaginable reason to oppose with all their might the *renaissance* in Italy of that nominal power which, despite the titles affixed to the head of its edicts, was neither holy, nor an empire, nor Roman.†

Speaking of the Popes naturally leads De Maistre to discourse of the priesthood; for it is the sacerdotal character of the Supreme Pontiff—highest visible type of the Eternal Priesthood throughout the Universal Church—that gives to the Pontifical sovereignty that inviolable majesty of which every hostile power, human or diabolical, has failed to divest it; that marvellous ascendancy that stopped Theodosius at the gate of the temple, Attila upon the highroad to Rome, and Louis XIV. before the holy table. "That still more marvellous power," he says, "which can move the hardened heart and restore it to life; which wrings from insensible or indifferent opulence the gold that it pours into

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\* *Essai sur l'histoire générale.*

† *Du Pape*, liv. ii., chap. viii.

the lap of indigence ; which dares and surmounts everything when a soul has to be consoled, enlightened, or saved ; which gently insinuates itself into consciences to gather their fatal secrets and pluck out vices by the root ; unwearied organ and guardian of holy unions ; enemy none the less active of all licence ; gentle without weakness, inspiring at once dread and love ; invaluable auxiliary of reason, probity, honour, and of all the human forces at the very moment when they are weakest ; precious and inexhaustible source of reconciliations, reparations, restitutions, efficacious conversions, of all that God loves next to innocence ; erect beside the death-bed, saying in the midst of the most pathetic exhortations and tenderest farewells—'Go forth!'—this supernatural power is not to be found out of unity. I have studied Christianity outside this divine circle. There the priesthood is impotent, and trembles before those it should cause to tremble. To him who comes to tell it—'I have stolen,' it dare not, it knows not how to say—'Make restitution.' The worst living man need keep no promise with it. The priest is used like a machine. The sacred character being effaced from the brow of those ministers, sovereigns have only recognised in them civil officials, who must march with the rest of the flock under the common crook.\* The condition of the Russian schismatical clergy, enslaved by the state and degraded in the eyes of the people (not to speak of the ministry in other separated Churches), amply bears out De Maistre, who points to the ecclesiastical sovereignties formerly existing in Germany, whose mild dominion gave rise to the proverb—"It is good to live under the crozier ;" to the old French monarchy, which employed a larger number of ecclesiastics in its civil administration than any other kingdom, and when the priesthood was one of the three columns that supported the throne ;† and to the Papal monarchy,‡ a pure theocracy, of which the sacerdotal spirit is the vital principle, as proofs conclusive of the beneficent action of the Church, through the priesthood, upon politics, when that action is not impeded or vitiated by local causes.

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\* *Du Pape*, liv. iii., chap. iii.

† Gibbon says the bishops made the kingdom of France as bees build up a hive.

‡ Voltaire, in his poem, *La Religion Naturelle* (Part IV.), bears the following remarkable testimony to the government of the Popes :—

" Marc-Aurèle et Trajan mêlaient au champ de Mars  
Le bonnet du pontife au bandeau des Césars,  
L'univers, reposant sous leur heureux génie,  
Des guerres de l'école ignorait la manie ;  
Ces grands législateurs, d'un saint zèle animés,  
Ne combattirent point pour leurs poulets sacrés,  
Rome, encore aujourd'hui conservant ces maximes,  
Joint le trône à l'autel par des nœuds légitimes ;  
Ces citoyens en paix, sagement gouvernés,  
Ne sont plus conquérants et sont plus fortunés."

In close relationship with this phase of the religious question is the grand primordial truth that leaps to light in De Maistre's luminous pages, the epitomized outcome of a whole life-study, the cardinal truth upon which other truths hinge, and which seems like a revelation of God in history—the action of the divine and human principle as the bases of institutions. The spectacle of a society in the abnormal condition in which eighteenth century philosophism had left it—culminating in a frightful social cataclysm, when the fountains of the great deep of human passion, maddened by the thirst of blood and gain, were broken up, and civilized Europe, if civilized it could be called, appeared submerged under a moral deluge—led him to investigate the primary cause of this strange perturbation. In the outraged laws of God and the principles of eternal justice; in the rejection or ignorance of truths long forgotten or condemned in France, and which human societies cannot abjure under pain of social death; in the substitution of the human for the divine principle in the constitution and government of states, he felt convinced he had made the discovery he sought, and placed his hand upon the chief seat of the malady, and appeals to reason, revelation, and history in support of an argument which is the *fond* or groundwork of most of his writings, but chiefly of the *Considerations*, *Essai sur le principe generateur des institutions humaines*, *Du Pape*, and the *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, which turn more or less upon the temporal government of Providence and the reparation due to violated order—an order established by God, and which man disturbs at his peril. "Modern philosophy," he says, "is at once too material and too presumptuous to perceive the real springs of the political world. One of the grand errors of this century is to think that the political constitution of peoples is a purely human work—that one can make a constitution as a watchmaker makes a watch. Nothing is more false; and what is still more so is, that this great work can be executed by an assembly of men."\* He points to the republican constitution fabricated in 1795—an automaton that only possessed the external forms of life, a kind of comedy played before the people to distract it for a moment—as a case in point; his reflections having led him to the discovery, which he holds to be incontestable, that no really fundamental constitutional law can be written; that the more a constitution is reduced to writing the weaker it becomes; that there never was, never will, and never can be, a nation constituted *à priori*—a position he sustains in a writing *ad hoc* by numerous logical and historical proofs which, to his thinking, show the profound imbecility of those who imagine the real legislators are men, that laws are paper, and that nations can be constituted with ink. There is something in every con-

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\* *Considerations*, c. vii.; *Mélanges*, p. 212.

stitution which cannot be written, and which must be left under a sombre and venerable cloud, under pain of overthrowing the state. This "something" is the divine principle, the recognition of the anterior divine origin of human society, of those eternal laws that presided at the creation, and, as far as this earth is concerned, will only be abrogated when the world shall have finished its course in the fulness of time—laws of which the enactments of legislatures are but the dim reflex or halting expression.

Every constitution, properly so called, is a *creation* in the fullest sense of the word, and every creation surpasses the power of man. The written law is, therefore, only the declaration of the anterior, unwritten law, just as a dogmatic definition is posterior to the dogma; so that, *à priori*, the pretension to establish a new mode of government is as extravagant an absurdity as for heresiarchs to create new dogmas. "As nations are born," he says, "governments are literally born with them. When they say a people has given itself a government, it is just as if they said they gave themselves a character and a colour. If sometimes we cannot distinguish the bases of a government in its infancy, it does not at all follow that they do not exist. Let us not take developments for creations. The different forms and degrees of sovereignty have made some think it was the work of peoples who had modified it at will; but nothing is more false. All peoples have the government that suits them, and no one has chosen its own."\* The rejection, misconception, or total ignorance of this principle—that, as Carlyle says, all available authority is mystical in its conditions, and comes "by the grace of God"—explains the utter incapacity of French legislatures to give the country a constitution that will stand the wear and tear of time and the shock of popular commotions, recurring from epoch to epoch with a tiresome monotony, which should convince every man of intelligence that the nation has been only revolving in a vicious circle, ever since '89 disturbed the political equilibrium; and that, notwithstanding it has given itself three constitutions in the space of five years, it has gone from bad to worse, until, after nearly a century of abortive constitution-building, France seems to have reaped no profit or gathered no experience from the past, and stands face to face with a future full of peril and perplexity. Its sophists, economists and calculators have sown the wind, and left the purblind politicians and victimized people to reap the whirlwind. The arrogant, self-sufficient rationalism inherent in the much-vaunted "principles of '89" has shown itself as powerless to found a state or give it a constitution, as to create a philosophy that shall ensure the happiness or satisfy the intellectual needs of humanity. "Man cannot represent the Creator," says De Maistre, "except in placing himself *en rapport*

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\* *Mélanges*, p. 215.

with Him. Madmen that we are, if we want a mirror to reflect the image of the sun, will we turn it towards the earth?"

It is this inversion of first principles that has caused the general crumbling of the modern political world wherever sovereigns or statesmen have compacted with the Revolution, satanic in its nature and essentially dissolvent in its action, as we have already seen. Cast a rapid glance over the strange record of thrones upset and sceptres broken, which contemporary history presents. Look at the number of dethroned or exiled sovereigns whose downfall this century alone has witnessed, and the frequency and criminal audacity with which regicidal hands have been raised against those who were once reverently regarded as the anointed of the Lord, as if an avenging Providence allowed the eyes of the people to be blinded, so that they no longer saw the Divinity behind the king, since kings themselves were among the first to abjure the sacred relationship that sanctified sovereignty. Look at the multitude of statesmen ostracised from power, count the number of those in whom the mere politician or party tactician has not completely absorbed the statesman, and think how little high-thoughted statesmanship remains to guide the destinies of Europe. Look at the vast schemes of religious, political, or social regeneration which promised wonders but performed nothing—gossamer webs woven by speculative theorists—the legislative experimentalism that on the one hand undertakes the reconstruction of beliefs, and makes the government of the conscience an affair of police, and on the other declares the law to be atheistic; and then try and persuade yourself that you can discern in all this, like the dreamer of "Locksley Hall," that "one-increasing purpose," which traverses the ages, or recognise with De Maistre that it is religion alone can impart to European polity the creative and regenerative forces that it needs; that politics and religion, rightly understood, are inseparable, like body and soul, and that their violent disruption means the extinction of the vital principle that was the bond of union and the source of strength and endurance; that unassisted human reason is perfectly incapable of creating or conserving a religious or political association, and that the moment man separates himself from the Divinity, he becomes gangrened and gangrenes all he touches. "Man," he says, "in relation with his Creator is sublime, and his action is creative: on the contrary, as soon as he separates himself from God, and acts alone, his action is negative, and only ends in destroying. Man, in thinking he was an independent being, professed a real atheism, more dangerous, perhaps, and more culpable than theoretical atheism. He thought he had the power of *creating*, while he had only that of *naming*; he thought—he who has not even the power of producing an insect or a blade of moss—that

he was the immediate author of sovereignty, the most important, most sacred, most fundamental thing in the moral world!"\*

From the foregoing he concludes that all imaginable institutions rest upon a religious idea, or are only transient; that they are strong and permanent in proportion as they are, so to speak, *divinisées*; and that if the principle is divine, it is enough to ensure a prodigious duration, as history attests. The history of our own country, indeed, to go no further, furnishes us with an apt illustration of this in the indestructible vitality of Irish nationality, ever since religion breathed into it the breath of life and made it a living force. It is to this it owes all its tenacity and continuity, as the concentrated expression of the genius of a people whose peculiar pride it is to stand upon the ancient ways; and it must be clear to every thoughtful mind, that the weakening or rejection of the religious element in favour of any purely human principle or plan of action, would be its destruction. In the power of faith and patriotism united, as one of the grandest of the social forces, De Maistre, like Dupanloup, was a firm believer. "Faith and patriotism," says the former, "are the two grand wonder-workers of the world. Both are divine; all their actions are prodigious. Talk not to them of examination, choice, discussion; they only know two words—submission and belief: with these levers they raise the universe. These two offsprings of heaven prove to all observers their origin in creating and conserving; but if they combine, unite their forces, and together seize upon a nation, they exalt, the divinize it."† To those who assert that freedom is born amid storms, he replies: "Never, never. It is born in silence, in peace, in obscurity. Often the very father of a constitution does not know what he is doing in creating it; but the lapse of centuries bears testimony to his mission, and it is Paulus Emilius or Cato who proclaims the greatness of Numa. It is not a turbulent multitude, agitated by passions, that God has selected as the instrument of His will in the exercise of the grandest act of His power on earth—the political organization of peoples. Wherever men congregate and agitate much, wherever their power displays itself in noise and bombast, the creative force is not found: *non in commotione Dominus*."‡ He is equally clear and emphatic when he comes to deal with the question of the sovereignty of the people, of all the equivocal principles enunciated in '89, the most widespread and the most credulously accepted. "All power," says St. Paul, "comes from God;" all power comes from the people, say the originators of the Revolution, who, in their ignorant haste to proclaim the "rights of man," forgot to proclaim the *rights* of God and the *duties* of man. "It is very true in an inferior and

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\* *Principe generateur*, xlv. *et seq.*

† *Mélanges*, p. 249.

‡ *Mélanges*.

vulgar sense," observes De Maistre, "that sovereignty is founded upon human consent; for if a people suddenly agreed to revolt, sovereignty would disappear, and it is impossible to imagine the establishment of a sovereignty without imagining a people that obeys. If, then, the adversaries of the divine order only mean that, they are right. But to say that sovereignty does not come from God because He makes use of men to establish it, is to say that he is not the Creator of man because we have a father and a mother."\*

The consideration of this subject leads De Maistre to thus express his view of one of the vexed questions of history: "Sovereignty being for us a sacred thing, an emanation of the divine power, that nations have in all times placed under the guardianship of religion, but Christianity, above all, has taken under its special protection, in directing us to see in the sovereign a representative and image of God himself: it was not absurd to think that to be released from the oath of allegiance, there was no other competent authority than that supreme spiritual power, unique upon earth, and whose sublime prerogatives form a portion of Revelation. The oath of allegiance without restriction exposing men to all the horrors of tyranny, and unrestrained resistance exposing them to all the horrors of anarchy, dispensation from this oath, pronounced by the spiritual sovereignty, might very well present itself to the human mind as the only means of restraining the temporal power without effacing its character. The Sovereign Pontiff, in releasing subjects from the oath of allegiance, did nothing against the divine law. He only professed that sovereignty is a divine and sacred authority which can only be controlled by an authority also divine, but of a superior order, and specially invested with that power in certain extraordinary cases."†

It would extend this paper to an unreasonable length, if I were to unfold all the interesting topics touched upon by De Maistre, who, like Goldsmith, left nothing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn, and whose style has been compared to Bossuet for elevation, Voltaire for sarcasm, and Pascal for depth—his curious and suggestive reflections upon the co-relation of moral and physical evil, the divine origin of tongues, the reversibility of merits, the law of the effusion of blood and its expiatory effect, the theory of names and numbers, the relative merits of republicanism and monarchism, the influence of religion upon the duration of dynasties, and other pregnant themes. If, as Bacon avers, no pleasure is comparable to that of standing upon the 'vantage ground of truth, De Maistre must have experienced that intellectual exultation to a degree rarely reached by speculative thinkers. Those who make universal doubt the basis of universal criticism will possibly consider him both dogmatical

\* *Mélanges.*† *Du Pape*, liv. ii., ch. ii.

and paradoxical. Paradoxical he certainly is, and that not unfrequently, but dogmatical in the sense of arbitrarily imposing his own views upon the reader, he is far from being. "I am sure I will be believed," he says, "when I protest that I think I am inferior in talents and attainments to most of the writers you have in view at this moment, as much as I surpass them in the truth of the doctrines I profess.\* I am even pleased to confess this primary superiority, which furnishes me with the subject of a delicious meditation upon the inestimable privilege of truth and the nullity of the talents that dare to separate themselves from it. There is a fine book to be written upon the wrong done to all the productions of genius, and even to the characters of their authors, by the errors they have professed for three centuries. What a subject, if it were well treated! But what conclusion shall we draw from this truth? The legitimate conclusion is, that it is necessary to subordinate all knowledge to religion, to firmly believe that we are studying when we are praying, and, particularly, when we are occupied with rational philosophy, never to forget that every metaphysical proposition that does not, as it were, spontaneously grow out of a Christian dogma, is only and can only be a culpable extravagance. He who has passed his life without ever having relished divine things, who has narrowed his mind and dried up his heart with sterile speculations, that can neither make him better in this life nor prepare him for the other, such a one, I say, will reject these kind of proofs. There are truths that man can only seize with the mind of his heart. When the cleverest man has not the religious sense, not only we cannot convince him, but we have even no means of making ourselves understood by him, which only proves his misfortune."

At a time when so many conflicting opinions are afloat upon subjects of the highest importance to society and the individual; when minds are drifting helplessly upon the shoreless ocean of negation, like rudderless vessels upon a stormy sea; while darkness broods over the face of the waters and no beacon light is visible—it is no small thing for a man to know, in the inmost conviction of his intellect and his heart, that it is the TRUTH he professes; that he can find his way through the labyrinth of history, and discover, in a thoughtful investigation of the past, lights that half reveal the dim and distant future. "Rooted in

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\* "I know many men in the world, particularly many young men," he says, in the *Soirées*, "extremely disgusted with modern doctrines. Others are fluctuating and only want to be fixed. I would wish to communicate to them these very ideas that have occupied our evenings, persuaded that I shall be useful and agreeable." Few writers, it is observed, have caused serious abstract thought to be better relished and retained. He felt himself that he was called to place the most arduous questions on a level with all understandings. Lamartine says his style will remain the enduring admiration of all who read for the pleasure of reading.

tradition," says Moreau, "he derives from thence the unshakable assurance which leaves the mental vision all its lucidity, that power of seeing, which is almost equal to foreseeing and predicting. Catholic Christian, by reason as well as by faith, so to speak, disinterested from everything and even from himself, the true greatness of his doctrine is that it is not his doctrine. He does not give it as a creation of his thought; it is only a demonstration by history and experience of the truth of Christianity. . . . At the hour when De Maistre spoke, at that hour of darkness and blood, it only belonged to a superior genius, enlightened by a vivid faith, to affirm principles in the face of a delirious age, and in the midst of such confusion, keep his eyes steadily fixed on unity. He appealed from the scandalous sentence of events to the invincible vitality of the Catholic institution. He had not for a moment the weakness to take the violent successes of error for the advent of truth, nor think that all insulted or betrayed greatness was on that account destined to perish. In the despoiled, humiliated, captive Papacy, he never ceased to recognise the divine principle that upholds it, and glorify in it the venerable suzerain of all authority, the eternal protectress of all legitimate liberty.

"Against the conspired forces of philosophism, impious science and pagan politics, nothing now is really erect but the Christian capitol. All the power of Catholic unity is only in the prayer of the priest of Rome; but it is the prayer of him for whom Christ prayed. It was the glory of Fénelon, by having recourse to the Holy See, to remind the bishops, whose hearts were in the court, that the spiritual sovereign was in Rome, and not Versailles. He showed them his and their too-long-forgotten judge, the Pope. This glory of Fénelon in the seventeenth century is the glory of De Maistre in our days. He, too, by the influence of his genius, by his masterpiece, that powerful argument drawn from the ruins of our prejudices and errors, was the first to rally the sheep round the great pastor."\* "Of all the great names of the century," says the compiler of the *Pensées du Comte de Maistre*, "that of Count Joseph de Maistre oftenest, and as by a secret need, instinctively and without an effort, reappears under the pen of every writer engaged in treating any high religious or political question, in solving any philosophical problem. The literary and scientific reviews quote his works. The publicist makes him speak in his writings, quite sure of adding more weight to his considerations under the protection of such a name. The philosopher—I mean the true philosopher—seeks the support of this authority, and thus makes his demonstrations more forcible. The apologist feels firmer in the defensive or offensive, when he sees in his hands the arms of this grand

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\* *Op. cit.*

and vigorous athlete of the cause of Christ and His Church. The sacred orator himself is not afraid to utter this name from the height of the first pulpit in France. All, in fine, seem to advance with more assurance when they march, sustained by Joseph de Maistre."<sup>\*</sup>

R. F. O'CONNOR.

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## THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

BY DENIS F. HANNIGAN.

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### CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Frank and his sister returned from their afternoon walk, the day that Mr. Callanan and his son departed from Moore's Court, they were very much surprised to see a semi-intoxicated person in top-boots seated at his ease in the drawing-room, talking very freely to all around him, as if he considered himself the very centre of attraction.

"Who is that man, mamma?" Rose asked of her mother, in rather a subdued voice.

"He is your Aunt Julia's husband—Squire Donovan."

"Is it possible? What a dissipated-looking fellow he is! What brought him here?"

Lady Moore smiled gravely. "It seems he wants to bring Mrs. Donovan away with him."

"Oh! don't let him!" Rose returned, with an impatient gesture. "She is not a fit companion for such a man as that."

The Squire had been watching the girl while she spoke thus in an undertone to her mother. "How d'you do, my dear?" he now cried, nodding his head towards Rose, and kissing the tips of his fingers with a kind of half-tipsy gallantry.

Rose stared at him contemptuously.

"Is this your daughter?" said the Squire, looking at Lady Moore. "Ah! sure I couldn't help knowing her—she's more like yourself than her father; though, on my word, ma'am, you've rather the advantage,"—in a lower tone, meant, no doubt, for the elder lady alone, but not unheard by Rose. Lady Moore bowing her head smilingly in reply to the Squire's inquiry, he continued

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<sup>\*</sup> *Pensées du Comte J. de Maistre sur la religion, la philosophie, la politique, l'histoire et la littérature recueillies et annoncées par un frère de la compagnie de Jésus.* 2 ed. Paris: Palmé.

to address Rose with a familiarity which that young lady did not relish.

"Come here, my dear, and give your old uncle a kiss: don't be so shy—I'm a special favourite with girls."

"I'm not shy," replied Rose; "but I don't intend to do you so much honour. Why did you treat your wife so badly?"

"Is it me to treat my wife badly?" said the Squire—taken aback a little, perhaps, at the girl's directness of manner—"why, that's all a delusion, my dear. I'm the best husband in the world, my darling; in fact, I'm a perfect angel, except when I'm vexed. I require some stimulants, you know, now and then—that's all the trouble I ever give. Come here to me, till I talk to you."

Rose turned away disdainfully; and going over to where Mrs. Donovan sat, drew a chair close to her, and they were soon engaged in animated conversation. The Squire, whose small eyes seemed to wander in a will-o'-the-wisp fashion around the room, leered curiously at them from time to time; but they did not appear to notice him.

Sir Annesley stood leaning moodily against the chimney-piece, and staring at the intruder with an angry countenance.

"Well, what do you mean to do next?" he inquired. "Are you going to leave the place immediately?"

"Why, you're a damned inhospitable sort of a brother-in-law," returned the Squire, disregarding the question. "I have been only once at Moore's Court before to-day; and that was before I married your sister."

"Please don't allude to that occurrence in my presence, sir," cried Sir Annesley warmly. "You brought down disgrace upon this family, and I never wished to see your face under this roof."

"My family is as good as yours, Sir Annesley," retorted the Squire. "If any other person had the presumption to cast a reflection of that kind on me, I'd soon find a way of stopping his tongue. I have something inside here," he added, striking his breast significantly, "which can very quickly put a stop to any man's eloquence."

"Do you mean to insinuate that you carry firearms about you?" asked the baronet, turning rather pale.

"Well, I generally take the precaution to carry arms with me, when I'm travelling, Sir Annesley."

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" exclaimed Aunt Deborah, starting wildly from her seat—"what shall I do? That dreadful, wicked man! That diabolical man! He'll do some mischief!"

"Don't be uneasy, my dear madam," said the Squire, who seemed to look upon this display of terror as a good joke. "I wouldn't injure a lady for the world. You're the lady that the duel was fought about long ago, aren't you? 'Twas a little before my time, I believe. You were a handsome young woman then—weren't you, Miss Moore?"

"Oh! what a villain!" exclaimed Aunt Deborah, who was very painfully reminded of the romantic incident which was said to have changed her from a gay belle to a puritanic spinster.

"'Tis a pity one of them didn't die on your account, though— isn't it, Miss Moore? That would have been some consolation."

"Oh! what a fiendish nature he must have!" cried Aunt Deborah, with the faintest shadow of a blush on her faded countenance—"he seems to feel a delight in speaking of murder."

"I can't allow you to use that word, ma'am. Call it manslaughter, if you like—perhaps gentlemanslaughter would be better, though." And the Squire laughed heartily at his own joke.

"Take your seat, Deborah," said the baronet, addressing his sister rather coldly. "As for you, sir," looking hard at the Squire, "I hope you and your wife will leave this with the utmost possible speed. I have quite enough to trouble me at present, without being pestered by your company."

"Don't speak so violently," said Lady Moore, with a deprecating air. "Remember you owe something to your sister's feelings."

"I owe nothing to her feelings," returned the baronet sullenly. "She had no right to come here at all."

"Surely, you would not treat me harshly, brother," said Mrs. Donovan, with a look of entreaty.

"I never asked you to come here," cried the baronet excitedly, "and I hope you'll deliver me of your presence very soon. You are a complete pest."

Stung to the quick by these bitter words, Mrs. Donovan indignantly replied:—

"Then, I will not trouble you much longer with my presence. I will go with my husband. Bad as he is, he is not altogether heartless."

"That's true for you, Julia," the Squire interposed; "I tell you 'tis too good a heart I have; and, if I had money, I'd spend it like a gentleman. For saying that now, I'll forgive you all."

"Look here, Sir Annesley," he added, turning towards the baronet, "I'm going to Cork to-night, and I'm glad Mrs. D. has changed her mind and wants to be reconciled to her husband. Therefore, after dinner we'll start together. Send your carriage with us to Dunmanway, and we'll go by the coach to Cork. That's the least you can do for your sister when you don't want to give her house-room."

"Well, I think that's a good arrangement," said Lady Moore, glancing quickly at the baronet.

During dinner the baronet maintained a gloomy silence. Frank, however, who had always looked forward to the pleasure of meeting such a strange character as Squire Donovan, spoke to

him with a kind of contemptuous good humour. But it was only when the ladies were gone that he referred to the Squire's fire-eating propensities.

"I have heard that you were a 'dead shot' in your day, Squire?" he said, with an inquisitive smile.

"Why, my dear boy," the Squire returned, with a self-satisfied air, "when I was as young as yourself, I had sent three men to the other world!"

"You commenced the practice very early in life, then," Frank observed.

"Yes; I was sent to Trinity College by my uncle; he was an attorney, and he wanted me to take to the law, you see; but I knew more about the use of a pistol or a sword than about Blackstone and Coke. I fought a duel one evening in the College park—would you believe it?—with a young Dublin counsellor; and he was carried off badly wounded. I believe he afterwards recovered; but I was rusticated, and never went back to Trinity again."

"How did the quarrel arise?" asked Frank, curiously.

"Why, a few students were dining together at a tavern in Dublin one night, and I happened to be one of them myself. This young fellow, who only got leave to wear his wig a fortnight before, didn't know my name; and as one of the fellows happened to say:—'Donovan's uncle has got all old Daly's property down in the County Cork;' the counsellor—his name was Kinchela—said: 'Do you mean that pettyfogger that lives down near Bantry?' 'Sir,' said I, 'don't you know he's my uncle, and that he's a gentleman by profession and by property?' 'He's an upstart, and so are you,' cried Kinchela. 'You're a confounded liar,' said I, and with that flung the contents of my glass into his face. 'You'll answer for this,' says he, hotly. 'With the greatest of pleasure,' said I, 'to-morrow morning.' So next morning we went and settled it in the College park."

"You were a pair of puppies, I think," said the baronet.

"That's an ungentlemanly phrase, Sir Annesley; and, if I were you, I wouldn't use it too often," returned the Squire.

"Of course, you had more formidable encounters since your college duel?" said Frank, who wished to avert any possible collision between the Squire and his father.

"Oh! yes, plenty, my dear boy. Did you ever hear of the duel between myself and Sir Bartle O'Hara?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," said the Squire, tossing off two glasses of Burgundy in succession. "Sir Bartle challenged me for something I said somewhere to his sister. It was before I got married to your aunt, you know. The fact of the matter was, I didn't know what I said to her, for I had taken more than was good for me the same day, you see. Well, we fired half-a-

dozen shots or more; and, though Sir Bartle was wounded in the thigh, he insisted on being put on a chair and seeing the thing out. 'That's against the rules,' says Foley, Sir Bartle's second, who feared that it was going to be a desperate game. 'Devil a bit,' says Sir Bartle, 'as long as each man has his foot on the sod, 'tis all right. If I don't send a bullet through Donovan, he'll send one through me.' Accordingly, he was placed in a chair, and, to show that all I wanted was fair play, I said I'd kneel down, as I wouldnt fire at him standing. So there we both were, he sitting down and I kneeling, looking into one another's faces like two men who'd never see one another alive again. We got fresh pistols, and when the signal was given, we both fired together. Sir Bartle's bullet just grazed my ear, and Sir Bartle himself fell down off the chair—stone dead."

"It was dreadful!" exclaimed Sir Annesley, who had a terror of duels, not through any refinement of feeling, but rather through a natural timidity of character.

You seem to have little regard for the lives of your fellow-creatures, Squire," said Frank, with a grave smile.

"I could show you what I'm able to do in a few minutes," replied the Squire, who seemed to feel that his reputation was rapidly rising. "Is there any object about the room that I might fire at?"

"Fire at!" echoed the baronet, with considerable apprehension. "What do you mean?"

"Look at the head of that figure over the chimney-piece there," cried the Squire, with a kind of reckless enthusiasm.

Frank turned his eyes in the direction indicated by the Squire, and almost at the same moment he heard a shot and saw the bullet strike the head of the marble bust of Minerva, which adorned the chimney-piece.

The baronet was so terrified by this incident that he seemed unable to speak or move for a few minutes.

"What d'you think of that, Sir Annesley?" asked the Squire, exultingly.

"Oh! get him out of the house, Frank, without delay," cried the poor baronet. "He's a most dangerous character."

"Oh! 'tis only joking I was, Sir Annesley," said Squire Donovan, who seemed, however, to glance very mysteriously at the pistol he held in his hand.

"Oh! bring him away, Frank, for God's sake," the baronet wildly exclaimed, forgetting all his dignity in the terror of the moment. "Tell his wife to hurry away with him."

"Well, I suppose you'll have no objection to send the phaeton with us to Dunmanway," said the Squire, with most provoking coolness.

"Oh! very well—very well—anything at all," cried the baronet, with almost frantic vehemence. "Bring him away from me,

Frank, in all haste, and let him be driven off or sent off in any way at all."

The Squire, who did not replace the pistol in his breast pocket till they were leaving the room, now attempted to shake hands with Sir Annesley, who scarcely seemed to notice it in his half-distracted condition.

The ladies, who had heard the shot with considerable alarm, now listened curiously while Frank told them how the Squire had begun to make himself so disagreeable that his father was anxious to have him leave the house immediately. Mrs. Donovan seemed to feel some natural reluctance to depart, which was increased considerably when Rose, with a rare display of emotion, flung her arms around her neck and kissed her. Lady Moore gave her a few valuable presents—trinkets which she had herself been possessed with in bygone years; and the poor lady's eyes were moist with tears as she joined her reckless husband.

The phaeton was soon ready; and as the squire helped his wife to a seat with a kind of maudlin politeness—which he rarely exhibited towards his "better half"—he whispered: "Never tell me I'm no gentleman ever again, Julia, my dear—I had a glorious triumph to-night. I frightened the life out of your brother. There's not a bit of good left in him after to-night." With these words he seated himself by her side, and while he waved his hat wildly and shouted "Hurrah!" with as much exultation as if he were a victorious general, the vehicle rolled rapidly down the avenue.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Charles returned home, he was both surprised and alarmed at the startling change which a few weeks had produced in his sister's appearance. Her face looked much paler and thinner than before; and even her form seemed to have grown strangely attenuated. That waning expression, so peculiar, so interesting, so pathetic, which is the sure mark of premature decay, now plainly showed itself in the girl's countenance. But he noticed, with even greater apprehension, the alteration in her habits and tone of mind. She was naturally vivacious and unreserved, and expressed no disrelish for a world in which she saw so much that was pleasant and lovely. She had been accustomed to speak to her brother with the utmost frankness about all her little joys and sorrows, her thoughts and fancies. But within the last few weeks a strange sadness seemed to have taken possession of her. One day—more than a fortnight after his return—Charles, finding her alone in the parlour, said:—

"You are very grave and melancholy of late, Ellie."

"Am I?" she returned, evasively. "I didn't notice it much

myself. I know I am growing weaker every day. It seems to me as if my life were a flame that is rapidly burning out."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Charles, in a state of considerable excitement. "I will speak to papa this evening, and tell him to speak to Dr. Colgan whether it would not be well for you to go away somewhere for change of air."

"It is useless," said Ellie, shaking her head. "He came to see me several times since you went away; and I know from his look that I will not recover. I know I shall die soon."

"My dear girl, do not allow yourself to be carried away by this strange fancy. You are growing morbid with too much brooding over this dismal subject." And Charles kissed his sister with much emotion.

That evening, at dinner, he suggested to his father that it would be wise to consult Dr. Colgan as to the advisability of sending Ellie into the country for some time, as she appeared to be getting worse every day. Mr. Callanan, whose mind seemed to be insulated from the life-currents around him by the electric force of one all-absorbing passion, had scarcely noticed the rapid change in his daughter's condition. But now that his attention was drawn to the subject, he showed some anxiety to see Dr. Colgan, and even went so far as to call on the old physician himself.

That night, the Doctor drove down to the house in the old-fashioned carriage in which he generally went about to visit his patients. Ellie was seated on a sofa when he entered the parlour, while Charles and his mother sat at some distance with a look of painful expectancy on their faces. The Doctor approached the girl, and looked into her pallid countenance rather thoughtfully. He took her hand with more gentleness than he generally exhibited, and felt her pulse for a few minutes.

"Do you think I am going to die, Doctor?" Ellie asked, with a boldness that surprised the physician.

The old man laid his hand on her head with some tenderness—indeed he had always exhibited towards her a kind of paternal affection—and said:—

"My poor child, I trust there is no fear of that. We will make you better soon."

"Do you really think so, Doctor?" Charles inquired, with an expression of delight in his face.

The Doctor glanced hurriedly at his patient, whose face happened at the moment to be turned away from him, and then laid his finger significantly on his lip.

Mr. Callanan accompanied Dr. Colgan down the stairs and into the street; and it was only when the old physician was getting into his carriage that he ventured to ask:—

"Do you believe change of air would do her any good now?"

"Not now, Callanan—not now. Why did you not take my advice when I spoke to you before, and send her somewhere?"

"Why, you seemed to be merely jesting at that time," said Mr. Callanan rather faintly.

"Ah, my dear Callinan, the *amor nummi* had too strong a hold over your mind. You were rather careless in the matter, I must say."

"Perhaps I was, indeed," Mr. Callanan returned, with a look of perplexity. "But do you think there is any real danger?"

"Don't ask me now," returned the Doctor. "You don't suppose I can tell the exact time of death:

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede,*

as Horace says; as much as to say, Death gives us all fair play, though it *does* happen that the young and beautiful sometimes go first. Good evening, Callanan. To-morrow, I'll call again; and let us hope for the best."

With these words Dr. Colgan drove away, and Mr. Callanan returned into the house with a very rueful countenance.

On the following day, Ellie rose early to accompany her mother to Mass. But the effort proved too much for her; and on their return, just before breakfast, Mrs. Callanan related in a very excited manner how Ellie had fainted in the church. This, perhaps, would not have attracted very much attention, as it had happened before, had not the girl showed signs of unusual debility. She lay languidly on the sofa, looking as death-like as if she were an animated corpse; and, despite her mother's urgent entreaties, declared that she could eat no breakfast.

Charles was very much saddened at this sight; and, after breakfast, he sat by his sister's side, even when his father and mother had left the room.

"Don't you think, Charley, it seems very likely now that what I said yesterday will soon come to pass?" Ellie asked, with a faint smile.

"If you brood so much over such a gloomy subject," Charles answered, "it may come to pass. But then, surely, it would be your own fault."

"I can't help thinking about it," said Ellie, with a kind of quiet hopelessness. "It takes hold of my mind with some sort of irresistible force. Besides, you know, there is nobody to whom I may speak about it but yourself—nobody of my own age, I mean, who could understand me. Do you know, Charley, what I think causes these gloomy thoughts?"

"Some morbid fancy, perhaps?"

"No," said Ellie, looking at her brother very mournfully; "I believe it is the Shadow of Death."

"The Shadow of Death!" repeated Charles thoughtfully. "How strangely that expression sounds in my ears! Where can I have

seen it last? Ah, I remember now; it was in Miss Quain's story of the two sisters."

"Do you know a Miss Quain?" cried Ellie, raising herself on the sofa with an effort.

"Yes."

"Where did you meet her?"

"At Moore's Court."

"I knew a girl named Mary Quain at the convent where I was in Paris. Her father, I believe, was a barrister."

"It must be the very same person," said Charles, filled with astonishment. "She is now a governess at Moore's Court. I believe circumstances have compelled her to earn her bread in this way; but it was not hard for me to see that she is a perfect lady."

"Mary Quain!" the girl exclaimed, with some of her old impetuosity; "the cleverest girl in the whole school! How well I remember her appearance! Grey eyes that seem to be always thinking—brown hair—pale face—speaks very little until you speak to her first. And so she is a governess at Moore's Court! O Charles, I would give so much to see her!"

"Miss Quain and I are—friends," said Charles. "Perhaps she might come to see you if——"

"Oh, will you write to her, Charley?" cried Ellie, interrupting him. "It would do me good to see her. She was nearly three years older than I; but we liked one another ever so much. Did she speak of me?"

"Well, no—yes! she alluded to you once, I remember. But I did not think she knew you."

"Ah, she did not appear to remember me, then. However, she may not wish to speak about our school-days. She was always very undemonstrative. But will you write to her?" As she spoke, Ellie sank back upon the sofa, almost exhausted, as if the exertion had been too much for her. Charles felt a little embarrassed at his sister's request. Ellie's notions were so unconventional, that she did not appear to see the slightest impropriety in her brother writing to a young lady whom they both knew. But she was not aware of the declaration he had made to Miss Quain the evening before he left Moore's Court, and, therefore, could not appreciate the delicate position in which he stood. However, he promised to comply with his sister's request; and, that evening, he sat down before the writing-desk in his own room, with a few sheets of paper before him, and a very perplexed look in his face. After pausing for a few minutes, he commenced thus:—

"MY DEAREST MARY—"

then stopped in sudden confusion. Surely he was not going to write a love-letter. That would certainly create a false impression. His object was to induce Miss Quain to come and see

his invalid sister, and one who had been at the same school with her. Why should he surround such a simple request with a film of sentiment? Why should he address her as if he were merely going to talk about his own emotions? He threw aside the paper in which he had written these three words, and taking a fresh sheet began :—

“DEAR MISS QUAIN—”

Here he irresolutely laid down his pen once more, and looked with some uneasiness at what he had written. This would look too formal, after all, he thought; and she would scarcely like to be addressed too ceremoniously. At last, with some irritation at his own squeamishness, he dashed off the following note :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I was not aware, when I spoke to you last, that my sister and yourself were companions at school. I am sorry to tell you that she is in a very bad state of health, and has some vague fears herself that she may not recover. She seems to be very much attached to you, and now expresses such an earnest desire to see you, that if you can possibly come, I hope you will not refuse. I know you are sufficiently self-sacrificing to do anything that would benefit another.

“Believe me, your sincere friend,

“CHARLES CALLANAN.”

He hastened back to the parlour when he had finished this note, and read it for his sister, who seemed to feel an intense pleasure in the prospect of meeting one of her dearest friends at school.

“Do you like her, Charley?” she suddenly asked, as he was leaving the room to seal and direct the letter. Charles grew very red at this simple question; and Ellie looked at him with some curiosity.

“Can it be that you have fallen in love with her?” she cried, with some of her old gaiety. Charles, too confused to reply to this unexpected question, hurried out of the room.

At dinner that day, Charles told his father that he had written to Miss Quain to come and see Ellie, as they had been friends at school.

“I have no objection,” said Mr. Callanan. “Anything that would give her any consolation should be done. I hope it may do her some good.”

That evening, Dr. Colgan called again; and when he saw the girl's intense pallor and rapidly-increasing weakness, he ordered her to be confined to her room, except when she felt able to walk about. Mr. Callanan watched the expression of the Doctor's face with the utmost anxiety.

"Is there any hope?" he asked.

"We must only leave her in the hands of God, my dear Callanan," the Doctor returned. "She is very weak; but she may have enough of vital energy to recover."

That night, Ellie had to be carried up to bed. She was so very weak that she was scarcely able to move.

"I fear I have grown worse to-day, Charley," she said to her brother, with a faint smile; "but when Mary Quain comes, perhaps she will make me grow better again." His eyes were filled with tears as he tenderly kissed her pale forehead and bade her good-night. The Shadow of Death was already on her face.

*(To be continued.)*

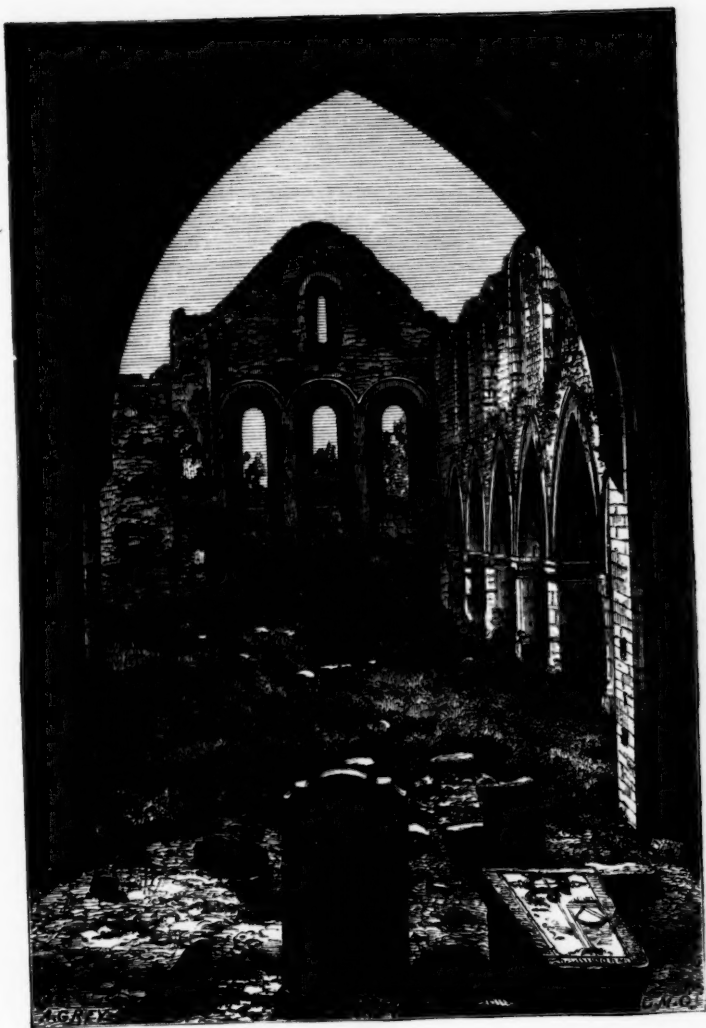
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## JERPOINT ABBEY.

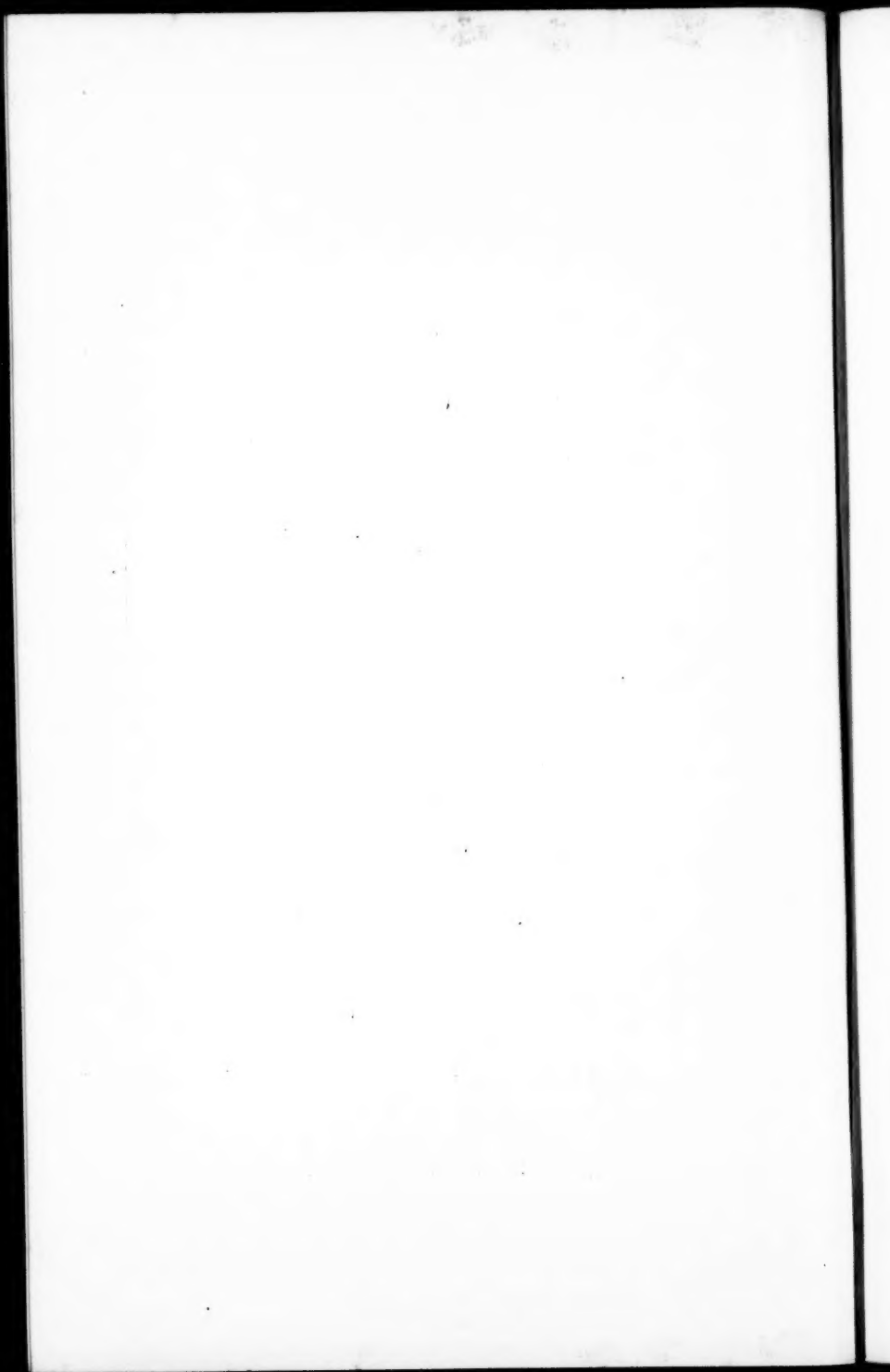
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CONSPICUOUS among the religious foundations erected in Ireland during the latter part of the twelfth century by the piety of the native princes, and also, in some instances, as votive offerings or as acts of reparation by the lately-arrived Anglo-Norman adventurers, were numerous abbeys of the Cistercian institute. The several beautiful and interesting ruins at Mellifont, Holy Cross, Jerpoint, Dunbrody, Tintern, and similar scenes of picturesque desolation, eloquently perpetuate the love and veneration cherished by the princely founders of those stately abbeys for the white-robed children of St. Bernard.

The Order of Citeaux, which exercised so vast an influence on the monastic life in Europe in the twelfth and succeeding centuries, and which gave to the Church so many distinguished saints and scholars, was founded by St. Robert of Molesme, A.D. 1098, as a reform of the Benedictine institute. The first monks of this order introduced into Ireland were sent by the great Abbot of Clairvaux, at the request of his intimate friend, St. Malachy. The latter distinguished prelate, one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Church, laboured with indefatigable zeal to restore the injuries religion had sustained in this country during the preceding centuries of barbarian invasion. Elevated to the primatial see of Armagh, and later invested with legatine authority, he extirpated numerous abuses and reformed the ecclesiastical discipline. He was, moreover, particularly zealous for the revival of the spirit of primitive fervour and strict observance in the monastic institutions of the country. Having in 1137 undertaken a journey to the Eternal City, to solicit from the Supreme Pontiff the palliums for the archiepiscopal sees in



JERPOINT ABBEY.—See page 232.



Ireland, he visited on his way the celebrated monastery of Clairvaux, then presided over by the great St. Bernard. Charmed with the regularity and fervour that reigned in this vast community, and above all with the exalted sanctity of its illustrious abbot, whom the learned author of the "Monks of the West" has characterized as *le type le plus accompli du religieux*, St. Malachy would fain have taken the Cistercian habit and joined the brethren of Clairvaux. In fact, no sooner had he arrived in Rome than he solicited permission of Innocent II. to retire to St. Bernard's Monastery; but the Pontiff, unwilling to deprive the Irish Church of the invaluable services of so saintly a prelate, would not yield his consent. On his return to Ireland, St. Malachy called a second time at Clairvaux, and regretting that he could not remain with the community, left four of his companions with St. Bernard, to be instructed in the Cistercian rule, that when qualified they might assist in establishing a foundation of the order in Ireland, "They will serve us as seed," he said, "and in this seed nations will be blessed." In the following year St. Malachy sent an additional number of disciples to Clairvaux, and at the same time entreated his friend St. Bernard to permit the brethren whom he had left under his guidance to return and establish a community in Ireland. With this request the Abbot of Clairvaux did not immediately comply, deeming it prudent to allow the Irish monks more time to become trained in the spirit and observances of the Cistercian institute; and he wrote to St. Malachy that "when they were duly qualified, they should return to their father and sing the canticles of the Lord in their own country."

In 1142, the entire of the Irish brethren at Clairvaux, accompanied by some members of the community, were sent by St. Bernard to the foundation which St. Malachy had prepared at Mellifont, through the munificence of O'Carrol, Prince of Oriel. This was the parent house of the Cistercian institute in Ireland. The foundations of Bective and Baltinglass followed, in 1148; the former being endowed by O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, the latter by MacMurrough, Prince of Leinster; Boyle and Monasterenagh—the latter being established by O'Brien of Limerick—were founded in 1151; Athlone in 1152; and Newry, endowed by MacLoughlin, King of Ireland, in 1153. Between this date and the foundation of Jerpoint, in 1180, by MacGilla Patrick, Prince of Ossory, there were four additional abbeys erected. In 1181, Holycross was founded by Donnell O'Brien of Thomond, that brave and magnanimous prince, styled in the annals "a brilliant lamp in peace and war, and the star of the hospitality and valour of the Mononians;" distinguished alike by his devotion to the Church and his valour in defending the liberties of his country. Among the Cistercian abbeys founded by the Anglo-Normans, we may mention the beautiful abbey of Dunbrody (Wexford), richly endowed by Harvey de Montmarisco; Inis-Courcy, in Down, by John De

Courcy, as an act of restitution for the destruction of the Irish monastery of Carraig ; and Tintern Abbey, Wexford, by William Marshal, in 1200.

Of these noble foundations, long since desecrated by the ruthless hand of the alien Reformers, there now remain but a few scattered groups of picturesque ruin. Among the latter, Jerpoint Abbey, situated near Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, is considered by our antiquaries as one of the grandest remains of the twelfth century now existing in Ireland. The style of architecture of this abbey is that of the transition period, from Norman to Early English. The abbey church was cruciform, consisting of nave, choir and transepts, with square tower at intersection. The tower is of later date than the transition period ; the battlements are, according to Ferguson, identical with many found in the north of Italy. The greater portion of the south wall of the nave has been destroyed. On the north side extends an aisle, separated from the body of the nave by six pointed arches ; and over these is a range of clerestory windows. The western window has three lights, with semi-circular heads, each divided by a mullion, and surmounted with a continuous weather moulding.\*

Within a brief period from the date of its foundation, the Abbey of Jerpoint attained great celebrity. In wealth of endowments and privileges it was not surpassed by any other monastic house in Ireland. Among its chief benefactors we find Felix O'Dullany, mentioned in Ware as Bishop of Ossory, who died in 1202, and was buried on the north of the high altar. To this prelate is also ascribed the foundation of the Cathedral of St. Canice. The abbey contains many interesting monuments : in particular the tomb of the royal founder, MacGilla Patrick, opposite the high altar, and also the tombs of several abbots and ecclesiastics ; but many of the latter have suffered considerably from wanton desecration as well as by the ravages of time.

At the period of the dissolution, when the commission was appointed to carry out the Act of Parliament passed in 1537, for the suppression of the religious houses, we find in a letter from the Lord-Deputy Gray to Cromwell a request that the following six houses should be exempted from the general suppression : viz., St. Mary's Abbey and Christ Church, the Nunnery of Grace Dieu, County Dublin ; Connell Abbey, Kildare ; and Kells, and Jerpoint, Kilkenny ; for, says the writer, "in these houses commonly and other such like, in default of common inns, which are not in this land, the king's deputy and all other his grace's council and officers and Irishmen coming to the deputy have been commonly lodged at the expense of said houses. Also in them yonge men and childer, both gentlemen, childer and other,

\* Wakeman.

both of man kynd and woman kynd, be brought up in virtue, learning and the English tongue; the ladies all in the Nunnery of Grace Dieu, the young men in the other houses."\* But the benefits, social and religious, diffused by the monastic institutions failed to procure them immunity from the ravages of the Reformers. The confiscation of their abbey-lands and treasures offered too tempting a spoil to the rapacity of courtly favourites and apostate sycophants. Soon the edict of the merciless Tudor went forth, and the peaceful monk was driven a fugitive and an exile from the venerable cloisters, which had been for centuries the consecrated inheritance of his order, and the pride and glory of the land.

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### GERMAN BALLAD AND IDYLIC POETRY.

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IN our last number we glanced at some of the greater German poets, among which group, both as a character and a genius, Schiller rises supreme. His life was passed conceiving and executing great poetic compositions. He lived to feel, imagine, and mould; to fix his ideas in imperishable pictures and music. He was good as he was great. All his later and lasting works sprung from his deep moral nature, as the forest takes form from the innate forces of the earth. His tendency, in German phraseology, was subjective, as that of Goethe was objective; in other words, he preferred embodying human life rather than depicting external things. He has, of course, done both; for no true poet can be exclusively a painter of one or the other. Poesy is the art of making us feel and see by the power of concentrated imagination; "which makes beings with their attributes, objects with their accessories, take one colour and serve for one effect"—and thus presenting subjects and objects to the mind and eye more beautiful, terrible, or noble than strike us in ordinary life, as a consequence of such concentrated observant or ideal power. Schiller is greatest as a dramatist. His lofty aim was to portray historic character. How largely such dramatic delineations must be imaginative, we need not say. Schiller was an industrious student of history; but history merely gives us accomplished events and the outlines of character. Contrast the materials from which Shakspeare evolved his British and Roman plays—of which first, Marlborough said they were the only English history he ever read (and indeed he had the life of it there), and which latter realizes to us more fully the Roman and antique characters—as in Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Cleopatra—than all the classical references to them put together. Or read the ballad of Lear and the drama—it is like looking at the acorn and the oak developed from it by the power

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\* *Cambrensis Eversus.*

of the earth and sun. Similarly slender was the substratum or nucleus of Schiller's dramas—situations shadowed, characters organically vitalized from the dry data, the few fragments of material in his hands. Here we have a few bits of dried sea-weed preserved between the leaves of an old annal: but the *sea* seizes them, and they live again and assume the great and grand, natural and beautiful proportions of the original plant, from the life-giving, inherent powers of the vast deep. The poet-creator makes the past live; many of its characters are more indebted to him than to the historian: would that many more, worthy of a similar resuscitated existence in literature—so many of the good and great who are only recollected from an epitaph or paragraph—were alike rescued from oblivion, and rendered by conceptive genius the companions of our solitude, or made to illustrate the theatre to the advantage of the multitude! How much of the attraction of the tragic drama is dependent on the exhibition of the darker passions, and on crime! whereas it is only the nobler passions which, in their struggle with evil, are truly sublime.

We need not say that his writings continue to be the favourite literature of both sexes in Germany. The characters in his dramatic works, and the subjects treated in his shorter poems, invariably enlist our sympathy on the side of virtue, freedom and wisdom, and inspire moral courage. On the other hand, unlike "Tell," "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart" and "The Maid of Orleans," Goethe's characters appeal to the taste rather than the feelings; and they do not, like those of the higher-souled Schiller, animate the mind with high impulses to resist temptation, and overcome difficulty and obstruction. As minister of the little state of Weimar, Goethe was shackled as a politician. Schiller's atmosphere was not that of the court, but the nation. Hence his greater reach of sympathy, his greater freedom, and his wider popularity. Schiller's ballads are like world-hymns, universal in their application; and similarly his plays are world-dramas, with whose characters and situations all can sympathize—like pictures of heroism, pathos, beauty and holiness in some world-cathedral, through whose aisles breathe airs from the grey north, or the Swiss mountains, and voices from the wind of the sunny plains of the south breathing of the past.

We have seen how much the old ballad has influenced the Classical ballad literature of Germany, narrative and lyric; and how characteristic of the German mind this latter is in its dramatic energy, striking descriptiveness, and spirituality. One of the old group remains to be referred to—Burgher. His "Wild Huntsman," "Parson's Daughter," and especially "Leonore," are well known through translations in these countries. As ballads, they are among the finest ever written. Burgher was determined to utilize to the utmost, for effect, the resources of the varied and vigorous German tongue. He rejected all that was commonplace

in the language of ordinary poetry, selecting words which paint objects and movements and sounds, and rendering his rhythm and rhymes, the form and harmony of his poems, an echo of the subject. He may be said by some to have sometimes carried the principle of *onomatopœia* to an extreme, but there are few, except effete *della crusca*s, who regard polish and smoothness as the same thing in verse—true polish or finish being, as Ruskin truly says, the united aid afforded by each part of a composition to all the other parts for a proposed effect. Who will not be refreshed by the graphic vigour of Burgher's verse, as in the "Leonore"—the hurrying energy of the diction, the dramatic breaks and original descriptive power manifested throughout? The poem has the appearance of having been dashed off under the wild afflatus of first conception. Far from it. Burgher subjected his verses to even a more assiduous critical revision than Gray to his elegy, or Goethe his lyrics, with this difference, that the latter has weakened and destroyed the natural original flow of many of them by this application of mistaken art. In all that seems wild, broken and rude in Burgher, every word is studied, as he says he only attains to perfection by the file. In our time we have had numerous original contributions to ballad literature in the English language.

The highest order of this species of composition is the poetic ballad, which gives expression to the dramatic fluctuations of emotion, in which pictures are painted in choice diction, and which is animated by those ideas and aspirations peculiar to modern days, and which are not to be looked for in those of earlier times. The finest specimen of this description of ballad is Tennyson's "Locksley Hall"—the essay of a man of the finest imaginative and artistic faculty, written in a cultivated age.

The historic ballad has been too much occupied with wars and combat; this was natural in ancient ages, when the life was barbaric and the bard the historian. Interesting and tragic events derived from the past are still accessible to the creative sphere of the poet—scenes in which the human virtues, courage, fidelity, and so on, asserting themselves amid untoward circumstances, can be portrayed. But poets should write less for the past than for the present and future. Human nature is perennially vital; the same feelings and passions which form the high material of old poetry, exist in connection with ideas which stellate a wider, more rational, and sacred horizon. The poets of a Christian age should deal with actions and ideas which are Christian. Of course, the pen and brush of art will continue to paint historical pictures; but as the final purpose of the soul is to obtain perfection, and through it happiness, utilitarian art should be devoted to make us sympathize with all that is most beautiful, best, and holiest in the state of civilization at which we have arrived. There is plenty of material in the every-day life for the ballad, dramatic and poetic; and, without having recourse

to the barbarous battles and contests of the past, which simply illustrate the reign of hell upon earth, there are grand subjects, associated with the Reign of Peace inaugurated by the Saviour of the world, as yet untouched by poetic genius. Such, *par exemple*, is the history of the Papacy, or the career of those adventurous missionaries, who evinced an intrepid courage, equal, at least, to that imaged in any epic, in extending through pagandom in all regions the inspired ideas whose truth bears the stamp of reason and heaven, which are destined to ameliorate the condition of mankind.

Among modern German poets, the verses of Freiligrath are those, perhaps, most distinguished by graphic power and local colour. They may be called the sketches of an imaginative mind who travelled in books, and bodied forth in vigorous verses the pictures they elicited, realizing, as only the muse of poetry can do, with its concentrative vision, in a more realistic manner, what the prose writer has witnessed. They have thus the charm of "remoteness," which—although Dr. Johnson truly says, "what is nearest us touches us most"—has a very great charm as far as picture is concerned. But the verses of Freiligrath effect more than this—they frequently make us sympathize with life, adventure, and suffering in remote parts of the earth, in all zones and climates. In turning over his pages, you make a poetic voyage round the world, arctic and equatorial, bathe in its climates, obtain glimpses of its life on sea and land, sunshine and snow. How varied and glorious is the panorama of the world! Nature is Gothic: stern and sublime in the north; amiable, profuse, and epicurean in the tropics. Here the prospect is one of deserts of wintry waves, sterile mountains, worlds of moss, glaciers and pines shattered by cold tempests, ice islands, icy currents, extreme durations of darkness and light, of cold and heat, as on the moon. In the tropic zones the skies are transparent, deep and azure, with meridional effulgences of sun and starlight; countless luxuriances of colour in air and cloud, blossom and bird; clear seas, azure as the atmosphere, and luminous in their motion, as if impregnated with latent sunshine; winds constant and warm; vast rivers, whose fountains and estuaries mirror sunrise and sunset; forests extending for weeks' journeys—worlds of foliage, regions impassable from their profuse herbage; and, with all this, life apathetic as from an excess of physical glory above and productiveness around; there, too, electric intensities and terrors; thunderings as of worlds clashing with worlds; rains that descend in deluges; the shark in the deep and the lion in the desert. Lovely, indeed, are those

"Climes where the moons of autumn seldom wane,  
Days are all summer and the nights all spring."

Nor less truly beautiful, while so much more illustrious spiritually, are those middle regions spreading under skies, blue

but less ambrosial, and mingled with grey—type of the mingled youth and maturity of Europe. There life is more energetic and internal—corn in the fields, industry in the towns, centres of intelligence which subjugates and turns to use the powers of nature, which in other regions dominate over life. There we behold seas conquered, distance abridged or annihilated, time economized, steam victorious over space and storm, thought producing perpetual and immortal harvests, knowledge disseminated thence to the poles; the finite rendered more exalted by Christian intelligence; through instrumental invention, the Infinite brought more near; justice, the common right, and Religion tending to embrace all civilization. Europe imports matter and exports mind.

Freiligrath's verses give us graphic sketches of the earth, like a cosmopolitan kaleidoscope. Sometimes the picture is of an incident, as in "The Lion's Ride," or a "Vision of the Desert Traveller." Sometimes an object, such as a bit of moss from Iceland, elicits a picture of geysers and avalanches, long nights and the song of scalds by the drift-wood fire, in that remote, lonely island; or a large leaf wrapped about some import, a scene under the silent, hot equator; or the aromatic fume of the teacup, one of China or Japan—tent-roofed, tiled hamlets, bridges over streams between the rice-fields, the temple on the cultivated height, the tea-gatherers and Tartar faces; or an ostrich egg, the Afric desert; and so on.

Freiligrath, who was the son of a teacher in a burgher school in Westphalia, became a clerk in the office of a rich relative, an uncle, who sent him to Amsterdam. Here he first came into the presence of the sea, which is not an emotion among the generality of his inland countrymen. Nature, says a writer, speaking of natural genius, has given the sea to the English, the earth to the Germans, the air to the French. The genius of Italy, says Kant, lives in the leaves, that of France in the flower, of England in the fruit, of Germany in the root. The position of a country and its physical aspect react on the minds of its inhabitants. Much of the German landscape is flat, horizon-bounded plains, ploughed lands without fences, no great demesnes or pretty cottages, as in England; but there is breadth of view, and all is turned to use. The poets of Teutonia had sung of the Rhine and of their forests, but none before Freiligrath of the sea. In the Amsterdam office the bales of merchandise served to elicit the associative fancy of the young poet, whose mind became intoxicated with visions of the East—his "invoice visions," as he called them. Here he associated much with seafaring folk, picking up accounts of foreign voyages, impressions of foreign life. Hence the origin of many of his poems, which are pictures of realities painted in the graphic diction elicited from the impression thus received by a susceptible mind. To this period, 1836, belong "The Traveller's

Vision," "Under the Palms," "The Emigrants," "The Skating Negro," "The Burial of the Bandit," "The Steppes," "Henry the Seafarer," "The Lion's Ride," and "Spectre Caravan." There is nothing peculiarly German in the style of those sketches, as in such poems as "The Amphitrite," "The Whisperwind," &c. His verses are as familiar with the forests of North America as with the Rhine. Not a few of Longfellow's early verses are the best reflections in English of the subject and style of both Uhland and Freiligrath.

Some of Anastasius Grün's (Count Auersperg) meditative and narrative poetry is very pleasing, such as "The Unknown," "The Poetry of Steam," "The Old Soldier," and "Churchyard among the Hills." "Giebil," the reverse of a muscular genius, is polished, refined, and melodious. Trifling subjects, memories, happy and choice moods, are delicately treated by this lyrical Racine of Vaterland, of whose manner the following is a specimen :—

" You ask me, maiden fair,  
 Why I am so calm ?  
 Because my happy heart sleeps there  
 In thy heart's balm.  
 Does the golden morning sing  
 Above the tranquil summer sea,  
 Or yon bright twin-stars that bring  
 Summer sweet and silently ?  
 The rose unfolds its heart  
 Without a sound, a word ;  
 Happier than when singing  
 Is the silent bird ;  
 And so my happy heart is silent when thou art."

Fine idyllic poetry, like everything natural and beautiful, can be best appreciated in solitude. In the drama and oration, on the other hand, everything must be done for effect, to strike, to tell: their audience is a public one, as is that of the lyric in a minor circle. A lovely landscape, like the rivers which reflect it, speak to us silently, and the "*solitude morale*" renders us susceptible of the more delicate beauties of feeling, picture and melody, as the *silence actuelle*, of the faintest sounds. Among some of the most grateful recollections which many recall from their place in the gray perspective of time, are to be numbered the days when they first witnessed some beautiful scene, or read some beautiful poem. In the history of our minds such events may be classed with those when we first met some interesting or good friend. Nor are such pleasures evanescent—"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" the lovely pictures, lines, and words of the poem are companions of our ideal life, which we can resuscitate at will; they become a part of ourselves. How imperative for happiness, then, is the necessity of choice, to a spirit which is immortal! how essential that all art should be pure in purpose, as beautiful in execution!

N. W.